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LEGENDARY BALLADS



"ONCE I DID AMISS."

LEGENDARY BALLADS

EDITED
WITH AN
INTRODUCTION
BY FRANK SIDGWICK
ILLUSTRATED AFTER
BYAM SHAW

LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS

1911

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INTRODUCTION

A BABY learns to speak before it learns to read, for the five senses are immemorially older than the Nine Muses. Man had the gift of speech for countless generations before he invented the arts, and knowledge imparted by father to son came down by word of mouth. It is only of comparatively recent times that science has made practical use of this correlation between the growth of a nation and the growth of an individual; but the further this principle is applied, the sounder it is perceived to be.

It was in the babyhood of the world—the golden age—before men could read and write, that the ballads, the true “popular ballad,” came into being. Some one may say: “How can a ballad come into being before it is written—before anyone could write?” And to this the reply is: “How can a baby talk before it can read?” The confusion really lies in the use of the word “write,” because we have grown accustomed to identifying the mental process of com-

position with the physical craft of writing ; but that the two acts are separate is obvious, and may be illustrated by the modern instance of a business-man dictating correspondence to his stenographer.

It will now begin to dawn on the "some one" who put the absurd question as to the origin of the ballad, that there are at least two ways of imparting lore—by oral tradition, or word of mouth, as well as by the written word. Next, it will become apparent that the older method is the oral one, that in days before letters were invented, men learned by use of their ears. A further corollary is that, in this, the more primitive method, the recording medium is the human brain, subject to the human vice of forgetfulness. An inscription on stone may commemorate the virtues of a man whose very name has been forgotten by his descendants. *Litera scripta manet : humanum est errare.*

We now begin to see the first peculiar characteristic of what is called "popular literature"; it has no definite form. It exists in many simultaneous forms, because it is only recorded in many humanly erratic brains. No method of stereotyping any one form is known ; the world is still a *crèche* full of babies that cannot read or write.

The next step is the discovery of these arts of writing and reading, and this brings with it a character

hitherto unknown to the golden age—the man who both composes and writes, the primeval man of letters. Before this time—not to plunge too far into what is still a vexed question—it would have been no easy task to secure individual copyright in any verbal composition; if anybody, or any community of people, under the stress of excitement or emotion gave vent to a poem, a song, or a chant, which satisfied the public ear—was popular—all who heard and appreciated it would carry it away in their humanly erratic memories for reproduction in various forms as occasion might demand, and the originator (collective or individual) would have no redress.

With the advent of the craft of writing, then, we discover the second peculiarity of traditional verse—that the possibility of recovering it by means of another sense tends to vitiate the memory. Etymology helps us here; what was “lore,” *i.e.*, learning, in the sense of matter memorized, becomes “literature,” *i.e.*, matter recorded in letters. As soon as a ballad or any piece of popular lore is written down, the impulse to remember it begins to decrease. Next comes the art of printing, which, by its superior rapidity of reproduction, deals popular lore a proportionately harder blow. Ballads of Robin Hood began to be written down in the fifteenth

century; the result is that it is now impossible to find a Robin Hood ballad in oral tradition; at least, it is impossible to be sure that the chain of tradition is genuinely oral, *i.e.*, that the ballad has not been through a literary stage.

On the other hand, happily, the vitality of popular tradition is surprising. The present writer has quite recently recovered from the memories of English country-folk a ballad containing a legend of the childhood of Christ, to which parallels are found in the pseudo-Gospels, and put it into print for the first time. The act of so printing it signs the warrant for its extinction as *lore*, but can be defended on the plea that literary record safeguards it from ultimate loss.

Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, does not need quite the same excuse, because hardly any of his famous collection of ballads—*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*—come straight from tradition. In the Introduction to the companion volume to this* it was pointed out that Percy derived his material from many sources, but that his supreme advantage was the possession of a manuscript volume of ballads dating from the middle of the seventeenth century—the “Percy Folio MS.” If this volume were now intact, as it came from the hands of the unknown scribe, we should be

* *Ballads and Lyrics of Love.*

in full possession of a remarkable lot of good ballads. Percy rescued it from the house of a friend, whose housemaids were daily tearing pages from it to light the fires; the book being a tall narrow one, they tore out half-pages for the most part, and so tantalized posterity by leaving a hint of what was ruthlessly burnt. It is, alas, necessary to add that Percy himself tore out pages "to save the trouble of transcribing" when he was preparing the *Reliques* for publication. However, our consolation must be that the greater part of the manuscript survived both the housemaids and the bishop; after further adventures it is now safe in the British Museum.

Printed broadside ballads, mostly of the seventeenth century, were also very largely utilized by Percy; in some cases he had versions of a ballad both in his Folio MS. and in broadside form. The collection on which he drew most freely is also the largest one—that which was begun by John Selden and continued by Samuel Pepys the Diarist. It contains very nearly eighteen hundred ballads, thirteen hundred of which were in print before the year 1700; and consists of five large volumes preserved in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, where Percy is said to have kept at one time six amanuenses hard at work transcribing ballads. The second largest

collection, now known as the Roxburghe Ballads, was begun by Robert Harley (created Earl of Oxford by Queen Anne in 1711), the collector also of the famous Harleian Manuscripts; but his ballads passed through several other hands after his death, and their number was increased by various owners. They did not reach the British Museum until 1845, and at the date of the publication of the *Reliques* they were presumably in the possession of James West, President of the Royal Society; but it does not appear, as far as I know, that Percy made direct use of them.

All the pieces in the present volume except two are derived either from the Folio MS.* (usually rewritten therefrom by Percy) or from broadsides, or from a collation of both. The two exceptions are *Yarrow*, a poem by William Hamilton of Bangour founded on a ballad, and *Margaret's Ghost*, an imitation of a ballad by David Mallet, which was highly popular in its day. *The King of Scots and Andrew Browne*, by William Elderton, "who did arm himself with ale when he ballated," is only known from a single exemplar of a black-letter broadside preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, no. 71 in the catalogue, which attributes it tentatively to the year 1578.

* It was printed in its entirety by Furnivall and Hales, in four vols., 1867-8.

A Ballad of Luther, the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Husbandman is attributed to the reign of Edward VI by Percy, who deals gently with it in remarking that "controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights." This poem also is only preserved in one copy, a very early black-letter broadside in the Pepysian collection; the verses are printed underneath a large, well-designed woodcut, which Percy reproduces in miniature. Strictly speaking, neither is this a ballad; but the author's name has not been recorded.

Several others in the present volume cannot be regarded as true popular ballads. *St. George and the Dragon* smacks strongly of the broadside hack. *The Winning of Cales* and *The King of France's Daughter* are both to be found in Thomas Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*, and are possibly his work. *Mary Ambree*, *Brave Lord Willoughby*, and *The Lady Isabella's Tragedy* are doubtless compositions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; while the best that can be said for the famous *Children in the Wood* is that it may possibly belong to the earlier century.

The rest are genuine popular ballads, some of them being of the best kind. An excellent piece of minstrelsy is *The Boy and the Mantle*; the only English text is the one here given, preserved by some stroke of fortune in the Folio MS. Once it must have been a great

favourite, as the central story appears in many European countries from the thirteenth century onwards, the best parallel being the French *fabliau*, *Cort Mantel*. Our other Arthurian ballad, *The Marriage of Sir Gawaine*, also exists in minstrel form only in the Folio MS., and that, too, in a fragmentary condition; but we can supply the gaps in the story from a romance of the fifteenth century, *The Wedding of Sir Gawaine and Dame Ragnell*.

In the lively and satisfactory *King John and the Abbot of Canterbury* we have a highly successful rewriting of a ballad which both in the Folio and in a broadside is a poor one; this improvement is largely due to Percy himself, who, while he professed merely to be combining the broadside with such portions of the Folio version as seemed to him to be "worth reviving," really introduced many lines of his own. Another Folio ballad which he padded out is *The Heir of Linne*; but in this case he wasted his labour, as the seventeenth-century version makes a capital ballad in its original shape,* which is about one-third the length of Percy's.

Old Robin of Portingale, though he altered the phrasing throughout, required less revision at his hands;

* This may be seen in my *Popular Ballads of the Olden Time*, Third Series, p. 171.

and it remains an excellent example of the heroic ballad. *Sir Cauline* (like the last, only known to us from the versions in the Folio MS.) Percy increased to nearly twice its original length, and altered the main story into the bargain; but in this case he is more easily pardoned, as the Folio version is carelessly transcribed, and is full of unintelligible passages.

In the case of *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne* the degree of Percy's fidelity to the original in the MS. varies in the different editions of the *Reliques*; the version here used, from the fourth edition, is considerably nearer to the Folio than that in the first issue. Looking at the result, we cannot avoid the conclusion that it was wise of Percy to restore the original readings as far as possible.

However, in two ballads which go closely together, *The Rising in the North* and *Northumberland Betrayed by Douglas*, we find considerable departure from the MS. original, which needs to be reconciled with a plain statement by Percy that he possessed other manuscript copies of the two ballads, from which he chose such readings "as seemed most poetical and consonant to history." I have no space to set forth the evidence, but there is a strong suspicion that there was *no* other version in Percy's hands, and that the folio supplied his only authentic text. He was, indeed, sufficiently

candid to avow in his preface that he "must plead guilty to the charge of concealing his own share in amendments under some such general title as a modern copy, or the like."

Chevy-Chace is, as Professor Child says, "a striking but by no means a solitary example of the impairment which an old ballad would suffer when written over for the broadside press. This very seriously enfeebled edition was in circulation throughout the seventeenth century, and much sung (says Chappell), despite its length." Percy's version is a combination of the Folio text with the broadside texts, but the difference is not great. Luckily the older form, *The Hunting of the Cheviot*, has been preserved for us, and was also printed by Percy; but it is by no means so easy for those untrained in ballads and early literature to read as is the more popular *Chevy-Chace*. Of the two famous laudations Sir Philip Sidney's probably refers to a version now lost, even older than *The Hunting of the Cheviot*; Addison's undoubtedly refers to *Chevy-Chace*.

Edom o' Gordon, like the last three ballads, is legendary, inasmuch as it narrates history coloured by tradition. The copy in the *Reliques* was based upon a Scottish version, supplied to Percy by Sir David Dalrymple, which he "improved and enlarged" with the half of the Folio MS. text. So, at least, he says;

but the fact is that three stanzas are his own composition. *Edom o' Gordon* is the Scottish parallel to an English ballad called *Captain Car*.

I have left *Sir Andrew Barton* to the end of these notes, as I have placed it last in the volume, because it is "a good thing." The pity of it is that Percy should have seen fit to mar the excellent Folio version by combining it with a Pepysian broadside as well as emendations of his own. Save for one gap and two small corruptions, the Folio text makes an admirable ballad; but even Percy's *rifacimento* has tremendous swing and gusto.

Mr. Byam Shaw's illustrations, in this as in the companion volume, appear to me to be all that could be desired, and thoroughly in keeping with the vigour and colour of these legendary ballads.

F. S.

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LEGENDARY BALLADS

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

OF Hector's deeds did Homer sing ;
And of the sack of stately Troy,
What griefs fair Helena did bring,
Which was Sir Paris' only joy :
And by my pen I will recite
St. George's deeds, an English knight.

Against the Saracens so rude
Fought he full long and many a day ;
Where many giants he subdued,
In honour of the Christian way :
And after many adventures past
To Egypt land he came at last.

Now, as the story plain doth tell,
Within that country there did rest
A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,
Whereby they were full sore oppress :
Who by his poisonous breath each day
Did many of the city slay.

The grief whereof did grow so great
Throughout the limits of the land,
That they their wise men did entreat
To show their cunning out of hand,
What way they might this fiend destroy,
That did the country thus annoy.

The wise men all before the king
This answer framed incontinent ;
The dragon none to death might bring
By any means they could invent :
His skin more hard than brass was found,
That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound.

When this the people understood,
They cried out most piteously,
The dragon's breath infects their blood,
That every day in heaps they die :
Among them such a plague it bred,
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,
For to appease the dragon's rage,
But to present some virgin clear,
Whose blood his fury might assuage ;
Each day he would a maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by heart the wise men found,
Which truly must observed be ;
Wherefore throughout the city round
A virgin pure of good degree

Was by the king's commission still
Ta'en up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day
Untimely crop some virgin flower,
Till all the maids were worn away,
And none were left him to devour,
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king
That heavy message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting ;
"She is," quoth he, "my kingdom's heir ;
O let us all be poisoned here,
Ere she should die that is my dear."

Then rose the people presently,
And to the king in rage they went ;
They said his daughter dear should die,
The dragon's fury to prevent :
"Our daughters all are dead," quoth they,
"And have been made the dragon's prey :

"And by their blood we rescued were,
And thou hast saved thy life thereby ;
And now in sooth it is but fair,
For us thy daughter so should die."
"O save my daughter," said the king ;
"And let *me* feel the dragon's sting !"

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,
And to her father dear did say,

"O father, strive not thus for me,
But let me be the dragon's prey ;
It may be, for my sake alone
This plague upon the land was thrown.

"'Tis better I should die," she said,
"Than all your subjects perish quite ;
Perhaps the dragon here was laid,
For my offence to work his spite :
And after he has sucked my gore,
Your land shall feel the grief no more."

"What hast thou done, my daughter dear,
For to deserve this heavy scourge ?
It is my fault, as may appear,
Which makes the gods our state to purge ;
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life."

Like madmen, all the people cried,
"Thy death to us can do no good ;
Our safety only doth abide
In making her the dragon's food."
"Lo ! here I am, I come," quoth she,
"Therefore do what you will with me."

"Nay stay, dear daughter," quoth the queen,
"And as thou art a virgin bright,
That hast for virtue famous been,
So let me clothe thee all in white,
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An ornament for virgins meet."

And when she was attired so,
According to her mother's mind,
Unto the stake then did she go ;
To which her tender limbs they bind :
And being bound to stake a thrall,
She bade farewell unto them all.

“ Farewell, my father dear,” quoth she,
“ And my sweet mother meek and mild ;
Take you no thought nor weep for me,
For you may have another child :
Since for my country's good I die,
Death I receive most willingly.”

The king and queen and all their train
With weeping eyes went then their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey :
But as she did there weeping lie,
Behold, St. George came riding by.

And seeing there a lady bright
So rudely tied unto a stake,
As well became a valiant knight,
He straight to her his way did take :
“ Tell me, sweet maiden,” then quoth he,
“ What caitiff thus abuseth thee ?

“ And lo ! by Christ his cross I vow,
Which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
And break my lance upon his chest.”

And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady that did first espy
That dreadful dragon coming so,
Unto St. George aloud did cry,
And willed him away to go;
“Here comes that cursed fiend,” quoth she,
“That soon will make an end of me.”

St. George then looking round about,
The fiery dragon soon espied,
And like a knight of courage stout,
Against him did most fiercely ride;
And with such blows he did him greet,
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his lance that was so strong,
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust along;
For he could pierce no other place:
And thus within the lady's view
This mighty dragon straight he slew.

The savour of his poisoned breath
Could do this holy knight no harm:
Thus he the lady saved from death,
And home he led her by the arm:
Which when King Ptolemy did see,
There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there
Had slain the dragon in the field,



THIS MIGHTY DRAGON STRAIGHT HE SLEW.

To court he brought the lady fair,
Which to their hearts much joy did yield.
He in the court of Egypt stayed
Till he most falsely was betrayed.

That lady dearly loved the knight ;
He counted her his only joy ;
But when their love was brought to light,
It turned unto their great annoy :
Th' Morocco king was in the court,
Who to the orchard did resort ;

Daily to take the pleasant air,
For pleasure's sake he used to walk ;
Under a wall he oft did hear
St. George with Lady Sabra talk :
Their love he shewed unto the king,
Which to St. George great woe did bring.

Those kings together did devise
To make the Christian knight away,
With letters him in courteous wise
They straightway sent to Persia :
But wrote to th' Sophy him to kill,
And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward
With evil, and most subtilly
By such vile means they had regard
To work his death most cruelly ;
Who, as through Persia land he rode,
With zeal destroyed each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown
 Into a dungeon dark and deep ;
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,
 He bitterly did wail and weep :
Yet like a knight of courage stout,
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms o' th' King of Persia
 By night this valiant champion slew,
Though he had fasted many a day ;
 And then away from thence he flew
On the best steed the Sophy had ;
Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Christendom he made his flight,
 But met a giant by the way,
With whom in combat he did fight
 Most valiantly a summer's day :
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,
Was forced the sting of death to feel.

Back o'er the seas with many bands
 Of warlike soldiers soon he past,
Vowing upon those heathen lands
 To work revenge ; which at the last,
Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,
He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save only Egypt land he spared
 For Sabra bright her only sake,
And, ere for her he had regard,
 He meant a trial kind to make :

Meanwhile the king, o'ercome in field,
Unto St. George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he slew,
And took fair Sabra to his wife,
But meant to try if she were true
Ere with her he would lead his life :
And, though he had her in his train,
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame
The brave St. George conducted straight ;
An eunuch also with them came,
Who did upon the lady wait ;
These three from Egypt went alone.
Now mark St. George's valour shown.

When as they in a forest were,
The lady did desire to rest ;
Meanwhile St. George to kill a deer
For their repast did think it best :
Leaving her with the eunuch there,
Whilst he did go to kill the deer.

But, lo ! all in his absence came
Two hungry lions fierce and fell,
And tore the eunuch on the same
In pieces small, the truth to tell ;
Down by the lady then they laid,
Whereby they shewed she was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,
And did behold this heavy chance,

Then for his lovely virgin's sake
His courage straight he did advance,
And came into the lions' sight,
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay,
Who, like a stout and valiant knight,
Did both the hungry lions slay
Within the Lady Sabra's sight :
Who all this while, sad and demure,
There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know
This lady was a virgin true,
His heart was glad, that erst was woe,
And all his love did soon renew :
He set her on a palfrey steed,
And towards England came with speed.

Where being in short space arrived
Unto his native dwelling-place ;
Therein with his dear love he lived,
And fortune did his nuptials grace :
They many years of joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry.

ROBIN HOOD AND SIR GUY

WHEN shaws ben sheene, and shradds full fair,
And leaves both large and long,
It is merry walking in the fair forest
To hear the small birds' song.

The woodweel sang, and would not cease,
Sitting upon the spray,
So loud, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

"Now by my fay," said jolly Robin,
"A sweven I had this night ;
I dreamt me of two wight yeomen,
That fast with me can fight.

"Methought they did me beat and bind,
And took my bow me fro ;
If I be Robin alive in this land,
I'll be wroken on them two."

"Swevens are swift, Master," quoth John,
"As the wind that blows o'er a hill ;
For if it be never so loud this night,
To-morrow it may be still."

"Busk ye, bowne ye, my merry men all,
And John shall go with me,
For I'll go seek yond wight yeomen,
In greenwood where they be."

Then they cast on their gowns of green,
And took their bows each one ;
And they away to the green forest
A shooting forth are gone ;

Until they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest be ;
There were they ware of a wight yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree.

LEGENDARY BALLADS

A sword and dagger he wore by his side,
Of many a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hide
Top and tail and main.

“Stand you still, Master,” quoth Little John,
“Under this tree so green,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth mean.”

“Ah! John, by me thou settest no store,
And that I farley find:
How oft send I my men before
And tarry myself behind?”

“It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but hear him speak;
And it were not for bursting of my bow,
John, I thy head would break.”

As often words they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale;
The gates he knoweth each one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heaviness there he had,
For he found two of his own fellows
Were slain both in a slade.

And Scarlet he was flying a-foot
Fast over stock and stone,
For the sheriff with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

"One shot now I will shoot," quoth John,
"With Christ his might and main ;
I'll make yon fellow that flies so fast,
To stop he shall be fain."

Then John bent up his long bend-bow,
And fettled him for to shoot :
The bow was made of a tender bough,
And fell down to his foot.

"Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ere thou grew on tree ;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boot when thou should be."

His shot it was but loosely shot,
Yet flew not the arrow in vain,
For it met one of the sheriff's men,
Good William a Trent was slain.

It had been better of William a Trent
To have been abed with sorrow,
Than to be that day in the green wood slade
To meet with Little John's arrow.

But as it is said, when men be met
Five can do more than three,
The sheriff hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawn by dale and down,
And hanged high on a hill."
"But thou mayst fail of thy purpose," quoth John,
"If it be Christ his will."

Let us leave talking of Little John,
And think of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

"Good morrow, good fellow," said Robin so fair,
"Good morrow, good fellow," quoth he :
"Methinks by this bow thou bearest in thy hand
A good archer thou shouldst be."

"I am wilful of my way," quoth the yeoman,
"And of my morning tide."

"I'll lead through the wood," said Robin ;
"Good fellow, I'll be thy guide."

"I seek an outlaw," the stranger said,
"Men call him Robin Hood ;
Rather I'd meet that proud outlaw,
Than forty pound so good."

"Now come with me, thou wight yeoman,
And Robin thou soon shalt see :
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

"First let us some mastery make
Among the woods so even,
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here at some unset steven."

They cut them down two summer shroggs
That grew both under a brere,
And set them threescore rood in twain
To shoot the pricks y-fere.

"Lead on, good fellow," quoth Robin Hood,

"Lead on, I do bid thee."

"Nay by my faith, good fellow," he said,

"My leader thou shalt be."

The first time Robin shot at the prick,

He missed but an inch it fro :

The yeoman he was an archer good,

But he could never shoot so.

The second shot had the wight yeoman,

He shot within the garland :

But Robin he shot far better than he,

For he clave the good prick wand.

"A blessing upon thy heart," he said ;

"Good fellow, thy shooting is good ;

For an thy heart be as good as thy hand,

Thou wert better than Robin Hood."

"Now tell me thy name, good fellow," said he,

"Under the leaves of lyne."

"Nay by my faith," quoth bold Robin,

"Till thou have told me thine."

"I dwell by dale and down," quoth he,

"And Robin to take I'm sworn ;

And when I am called by my right name

I am Guy of good Gisborne."

"My dwelling is in this wood," says Robin,

"By thee I set right nought :

I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,

Whom thou so long hast sought."

He that hath neither been kith nor kin,
Might have seen a full fair sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both brown and bright ;

To see how these yeomen together they fought
Two hours of a summer's day :
Yet neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them fettled to fly away.

Robin was reachless on a root,
And stumbled at that tide ;
And Guy was quick and nimble withal,
And hit him o'er the left side.

" Ah, dear Lady," said Robin Hood, " thou
That art both mother and may,
I think it was never man's destiny
To die before his day."

Robin thought on our Lady dear,
And soon leapt up again,
And straight he came with a backward stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slain.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hair,
And stuck it on his bow's end :
" Thou hast been a traitor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end."

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Could tell whose head it was.

Says, "Lie there, lie there, now, Sir Guy,
And with me be not wroth ;
If thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better cloth.'

Robin did off his gown of green,
And on Sir Guy did it throw,
And he put on that capull hide,
That clad him top to toe.

"The bow, the arrows, and little horn,
Now with me I will bear ;
For I will away to Barnesdale,
To see how my men do fare."

Robin Hood set Guy's horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow,
That beheard the sheriff of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

"Hearken, hearken," said the sheriff,
"I hear now tidings good,
For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
And he hath slain Robin Hood.

"Yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
It blows so well in tide,
And yonder comes that wight yeoman,
Clad in his capull hide.

"Come hither, come hither, thou good Sir Guy,
Ask what thou wilt of me."

"O, I will none of thy gold," said Robin,
"Nor I will none of thy fee :

"But now I have slain the master," he says,
"Let me go strike the knave;
This is all the reward I ask;
Nor no other will I have."

"Thou art a madman," said the sheriff,
"Thou shouldst have had a knight's fee:
But seeing thy asking hath been so bad,
Well granted it shall be."

When Little John heard his master speak,
Well knew he it was his steven:
"Now shall I be loosed," quoth Little John,
"With Christ his might in heaven."

Fast Robin he hied him to Little John,
He thought to loose him belyve;
The sheriff and all his company
Fast after him did drive.

"Stand aback, stand aback," said Robin;
"Why draw you me so near?
It was never the use in our country,
One's shrift another should hear."

But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And loosed John hand and foot,
And gave him Sir Guy's bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boot.

Then John he took Guy's bow in his hand,
His bolts and arrows each one:
When the sheriff saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham town,
He fled full fast away ;
And so did all his company :
Not one behind would stay.

But he could neither run so fast,
Nor away so fast could ride,
But Little John with an arrow so broad
He shot him into the backside.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE

IN the third day of may,
To Carlisle did come
A kind courteous child,
That could much of wisdom.

A kirtle and a mantle
This child had upon,
With brooches and rings
Full richly bedone.

He had a suit of silk
About his middle drawn ;
Without he could of courtesy
He thought it much shame.

“ God speed thee, King Arthur,
Sitting at thy meat !
And the goodly Queen Guenever,
I cannot her forget.

LEGENDARY BALLADS

“ I tell you, lords, in this hall ;
I hett you all to heed,
Except you be the more surer
Is you for to dread.”

He plucked out of his potener,
And longer would not dwell,
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,
Between two nutshells.

“ Have thou here, King Arthur ;
Have thou here of me !
Give it to thy comely queen
Shapen as it is already.

“ It shall never become that wife,
That hath once done amiss.”
Then every knight in the king’s court
Began to care for his.

Forth came Dame Guenever ;
To the mantle she her hied ;
The lady she was newfangle,
But yet she was afraid.

When she had taken the mantle,
She stood as she had been mad :
It was from the top to the toe
As shears had it shred.

One while was it gaul,
Another while was it green ;
Another while it was wadded ;
Ill it did her beseem.

Another while it was black
And bore the worst hue :
“ By my troth,” quoth King Arthur,
“ I think thou be not true.”

She threw down the mantle,
That bright was of blee ;
Fast with a rudd red,
To her chamber can she flee.

She curst the weaver, and the walker,
That cloth that had wrought ;
And bade a vengeance on his crown,
That hither hath it brought.

“ I had rather be in a wood,
Under a green tree ;
Than in King Arthur’s court
Shamed for to be.”

Kay called forth his lady,
And bade her come near ;
Says, “ Madam, and thou be guilty,
I pray thee hold thee there.”

Forth came his lady
Shortly and anon ;
Boldly to the mantle
Then is she gone.

When she had ta’en the mantle,
And cast it her about ;
Then was she bare
Before all the rout.

Then every knight,
That was in the king's court,
Talked, laughed, and shouted
Full oft at that sport.

She threw down the mantle,
That bright was of blee ;
Fast with a red rudd,
To her chamber can she flee.

Forth came an old knight
Pattering o'er a creed,
And he proffered to this little boy
Twenty marks to his meed ;

And all the time of the Christmas
Willingly to feed ;
Forwhy this mantle might
Do his wife some need.

When she had ta'en the mantle,
Of cloth that was made,
She had no more left on her,
But a tassel and a thread :
Then every knight in the king's court
Bade evil might she speed.

She threw down the mantle,
That bright was of blee ;
And fast with a red rudd,
To her chamber can she flee.

Craddock called forth his lady,
And bade her come in ;
Saith, " Win this mantle, lady,
With a little din !

" Win this mantle, lady,
And it shall be thine,
If thou never did amiss
Since thou wast mine."

Forth came Craddock's lady
Shortly and anon ;
But boldly to the mantle
Then is she gone.

When she had ta'en the mantle,
And cast it her about,
Up at her great toe
It began to crinkle and crowt :
She said, " Bow down, mantle,
And shame me not for nought !

" Once I did amiss,
I tell you certainly,
When I kissed Craddock's mouth
Under a green tree ;
When I kissed Craddock's mouth
Before he married me."

When she had her shriven,
And her sins she had told ;
The mantle stood about her
Right as she would :

Seemly of colour,
Glittering like gold :
Then every knight in Arthur's court
Did her behold.

Then spake Dame Guenever
To Arthur our king :
" She hath ta'en yonder mantle
Not with right, but with wrong ! "

" See you not yonder woman,
That maketh herself so clean ?
I have seen ta'en out of her bed
Of men fifteen—

" Priests, clerks, and wedded men
From her bydene ;
Yet she taketh the mantle,
And maketh herself clean ! "

Then spake the little boy,
That kept the mantle in hold ;
Says, " King, chasten thy wife,
Of her words she is too bold."

The little boy stood
Looking out a door ;
And there as he was looking
He was ware of a wild boar.

He was ware of a wild boar,
Would have worried a man :

He pulled forth a wood knife,
Fast thither that he ran :
He brought in the boar's head,
And quitted him like a man.

He brought in the boar's head,
And was wondrous bold :
He said there was never a cuckold's knife
Carve it that cold.

Some rubbed their knives
Upon a whetstone :
Some threw them under the table,
And said they had none.

King Arthur and the child
Stood looking upon them ;
All their knives' edges
Turned back again.

Craddock had a little knife
Of iron and of steel ;
He brittled the boar's head
Wondrous well ;
That every knight in the king's court
Had a morsel.

The little boy had a horn
Of red gold that rang :
He said there was no cuckold
Should drink of his horn,
But he should it shed
Either behind or before.

LEGENDARY BALLADS

Some shed on their shoulder,
 And some on their knee ;
 He that could not hit his mouth,
 Put it in his eye :
 And he that was a cuckold
 Every man might him see.

Craddock won the horn,
 And the boar's head :
 His lady won the mantle
 Unto her meed.
 Every such a lovely lady
 God send her well to speed !

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE

PART THE FIRST

KING ARTHUR lives in merry Carlisle,
 And seemly is to see,
 And there with him Queen Guinevere,
 That bride so bright of blee.

And there with him Queen Guinevere,
 That bride so bright in bower ;
 And all his barons about him stood
 That were both stiff and stour.

The king a royal Christmas kept,
 With mirth and princely cheer ;
 To him repaired many a knight
 That came both far and near.

And when they were to dinner set
And cups went freely round,
Before them came a fair damsel
And knelt upon the ground.

“A boon, a boon, O King Arthur,
I beg a boon of thee;
Avenge me of a carlish knight,
Who hath shent my love and me.

“In Tarn Wadling his castle stands
All on a hill so high,
And proudly rise the battlements,
And gay the streamers fly.

“No gentle knight nor lady fair
May pass that castle wall,
But from that foul discourteous knight
Mishap will them befall.

“He’s twice the size of common men,
With thews and sinews strong;
And on his back he bears a club
That is both thick and long.

“This grim baron ’twas our hard hap
But yestermorn to see,
When to his bower he bore my love
And sore misused me.

“And when I told him, King Arthur
As little should him spare—
‘Go tell,’ said he, ‘that cuckold King
To meet me if he dare.’”

Up then started King Arthur,
And sware by hill and dale
He ne'er would quit that grim baron
Till he had made him quail.

“Go, fetch my sword Excalibar,
Go, saddle me my steed !
Now by my fay, that grim baron
Shall rue this ruthless deed !”

And when he came to Tarn Wadling
Beneath the castle wall ;
“Come forth, come forth, thou proud baron,
Or yield thyself my thrall !”

On magic ground that castle stood,
And fenced with many a spell ;
No valiant knight could tread thereon
But straight his courage fell.

Forth then rushed that carlish knight,
King Arthur felt the charm :
His sturdy sinews lost their strength,
Down sunk his feeble arm.

“Now yield thee, yield thee, King Arthur,
Now yield thee unto me :
Or fight with me, or lose thy land ;
No better terms there be,

“Unless thou swear upon the rood,
And promise on thy fay,
Here to return to Tarn Wadling,
Upon the new-year's day :

“And bring me word what thing it is
All women most desire :
This is thy ransom, Arthur,” he says,
“I’ll have no other hire.”

King Arthur then held up his hand,
And sware upon his fay,
Then took his leave of the grim baron,
And fast he rode away.

And he rode east, and he rode west,
And did of all inquire,
What thing it is all women crave,
And what they most desire.

Some told him riches, pomp, or state ;
Some raiment fine and bright ;
Some told him mirth ; some flattery ;
And some a jolly knight.

In letters all King Arthur wrote,
And sealed them with his ring,
And still his mind was held in doubt,
Each told a different thing.

As ruthful he rode over a moor,
He saw a lady set
Between an oak and a green holly,
All clad in red scarlet.

Her nose was crookt and turned outward,
Her chin stood all awry ;
And where as should have been her mouth,
Lo ! there was set her eye.

Her hairs like serpents clung about
Her cheeks of deadly hue ;
A worse-formed lady than she was,
No man mote ever view.

To hail the king in seemly sort
This lady was full fain ;
But King Arthur all sore amazed,
No answer made again.

“What wight art thou,” the lady said,
“That wilt not speak to me ?
Sir, I may chance to ease thy pain,
Though I be foul to see.”

“If thou wilt ease my pain,” he said,
“And help me in my need,
Ask what thou wilt, thou grim lady,
And it shall be thy meed.”

“O swear me this upon the rood,
And promise on thy fay ;
And here the secret I will tell,
That shall thy ransom pay.”

King Arthur promised on his fay,
And sware upon the rood :
The secret then the lady told,
As lightly as she could.

“Now this shall be my pay, sir king,
And this my guerdon be,
That some young fair and courtly knight
Thou bring to marry me.”

Fast then pricked King Arthur
 O'er hill, and dale, and down :
 And soon he found the baron's bower,
 And soon the grim baron.

He bare his club upon his back,
 He stood both stiff and strong ;
 And, when he had the letters read,
 Away the letters flung.

" Now yield thee, Arthur, and thy lands,
 All forfeit unto me ;
 For this is not thy pay, sir king,
 Nor may thy ransom be."

" Yet hold thy hand, thou proud baron,
 I pray thee, hold thy hand ;
 And give me leave to speak once more
 In rescue of my land.

" This morn as I came over a moor,
 I saw a lady set
 Between an oak and a green holly,
 All clad in red scarlet.

" She says all women will have their will,
 This is their chief desire ;
 Now yield, as thou art a baron true,
 That I have paid mine hire."

" An early vengeance light on her !"
 The carlish baron swore :

" She was my sister told thee this,
 And she's a misshapen whore.

“ But here I will make mine avow,
To do her as ill a turn :
For an ever I may that foul thief get,
In a fire I will her burn.”

PART THE SECOND

Homeward pricked King Arthur,
And a weary man was he ;
And soon he met Queen Guinevere,
That bride so blight of blee.

“ What news ! what news ! thou noble king,
How, Arthur, hast thou sped ?
Where hast thou hung the carlish knight,
And where bestowed his head ?”

“ The carlish knight is safe for me,
And free from mortal harm :
On magic ground his castle stands,
And fenced with many a charm.

“ To bow to him I was full fain,
And yield me to his hand :
And but for a loathly lady there
I should have lost my land.

“ And now this fills my heart with woe
And sorrow of my life ;
I swore a young and courtly knight
Should marry her to his wife.”

Then bespake him Sir Gawaine,
 That was ever a gentle knight ;
 "That loathly lady I will wed ;
 Therefore be merry and light."

"Now nay, now nay, good Sir Gawaine ;
 My sister's son ye be ;
 This loathly lady's all too grim,
 And all too foul for ye.

"Her nose is crookt, and turned outward ;
 Her chin stands all awry ;
 A worse formed lady than she was
 Was never seen with eye."

"What though her chin stand all awry,
 And she be foul to see ;
 I'll marry her, uncle, for thy sake,
 And I'll thy ransom be."

"Now thanks, now thanks, good Sir Gawaine ;
 And a blessing thee betide !
 To-morrow we'll have knights and squires,
 And we'll go fetch thy bride.

"And we'll have hawks and we'll have hounds,
 To cover our intent ;
 And we'll away to the green forest,
 As we a hunting went."

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bold,
 They rode with them that day ;
 And foremost of the company
 There rode the steward Kay :

So did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratte keen ;
Sir Tristram, too, that gentle knight,
To the forest fresh and green.

And when they came to the green forest,
Beneath a fair holly tree
There sate that lady in red scarlet
That unseemly was to see.

Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,
And looked upon her sweere ;
"Whoever kisses that lady," he says,
"Of his kiss he stands in fear."

Sir Kay beheld that lady again,
And looked upon her snout ;
"Whoever kisses that lady," he says,
"Of his kiss he stands in doubt."

"Peace, brother Kay," said Sir Gawaine,
"And amend thee of thy life :
For there is a knight amongst us all
Must marry her to his wife."

"What, marry this foul queen ?" quoth Kay,
"I' the devil's name anone !
Get me a wife wherever I may,
In sooth she shall be none."

Then some took up their hawks in haste,
And some took up their hounds ;
And said they would not marry her
For cities, nor for towns.

Then bespake him King Arthur,
And sware there by this day ;
“ For a little foul sight and misliking,
Ye shall not say her nay.”

“ Peace, lordings, peace !” Sir Gawaine said ;
“ Nor make debate and strife ;
This loathly lady I will take,
And marry her to my wife.”

“ Now thanks, now thanks, good Sir Gawaine,
And a blessing be thy meed !
For as I am thine own lady,
Thou never shalt rue this deed.”

Then up they took that loathly dame,
And home anon they bring ;
And there Sir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ring.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
And all were done away :
“ Come turn to me, my own wed-lord,
Come turn to me, I pray.”

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,
For sorrow and for care ;
When, lo ! instead of that loathly dame,
He saw a young lady fair.

Sweet blushes stained her rud-red cheek,
Her eyen were black as sloe ;
The ripening cherry swelled her lip,
And all her neck was snow.

Sir Gawaine kissed that lady fair,
Lying upon the sheet :
And swore, as he was a true knight,
The spice was never so sweet.

Sir Gawaine kissed that lady bright,
Lying there by his side :
“The fairest flower is not so fair :
Thou never canst be my bride.”

“I am thy bride, mine own dear lord,
The same which thou didst know,
That was so loathly, and was wont
Upon the wild moor to go.

“Now, gentle Gawaine, choose,” quoth she,
“And make thy choice with care ;
Whether by night, or else by day,
Shall I be foul or fair ?”

“To have thee foul still in the night,
When I with thee should play !
I had rather far, my lady dear,
To have thee foul by day.”

“What, when gay ladies go with their lords
To drink the ale and wine ;
Alas ! then I must hide myself,
I must not go with mine !”

“My fair lady,” Sir Gawaine said,
“I yield me to thy skill ;
Because thou art mine own lady
Thou shalt have all thy will.”

“ Now blessed be thou, sweet Gawaine,
And the day that I thee see ;
For as thou seest me at this time,
So shall I ever be.

“ My father was an aged knight,
And yet it chanced so,
He took to wife a false lady,
Which brought me to this woe.

“ She witched me, being a fair young maid,
In the green forest to dwell ;
And there to abide in loathly shape,
Most like a fiend of hell.

“ Midst moors and mosses, woods and wilds,
To lead a lonesome life ;
Till some young fair and courtly knight
Would marry me to his wife :

“ Nor fully to gain mine own true shape
(Such was her devilish skill)
Until he would yield to be ruled by me,
And let me have all my will.

“ She witched my brother to a carlish boor,
And made him stiff and strong ;
And built him a bower on magic ground,
To live by rapine and wrong.

“ But now the spell is broken through,
And wrong is turned to right ;
Henceforth I shall be a fair lady,
And he be a gentle knight.”

SIR CAULINE

THE FIRST PART

IN Ireland, far over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonny king ;
And with him a young and comely knight,
Men call him Sir Cauline.

The king had a lady to his daughter,
In fashion she hath no peer ;
And princely wights that lady wooed
To be their wedded fere.

Sir Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he say ;
Ne descreeve his counsel to no man,
But dearly he loved this may.

Till on a day it so befell,
Great dill to him was dight ;
The maiden's love removed his mind,
To care-bed went the knight.

One while he spread his arms him fro,
One while he spread them nigh :
"And aye! but I win that lady's love,
For dole now I mun die."

And when our parish-mass was done,
Our king was bowne to dine :
He says : "Where is Sir Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wine?"

Then answered him a courteous knight,
And fast his hands gan wring :
“ Sir Cauline is sick, and like to die
Without a good leeching.”

“ Fetch me down my daughter dear,
She is a leech full fine :
Go take him dough, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wine so red ;
Loth I were him to tine.”

Fair Christabel to his chamber goes,
Her maidens following nigh :
“ O well,” she saith, “ how doth my lord ?”
“ O sick, thou fair lady.”

“ Now rise up wightly, man, for shame,
Never lie so cowardly ;
For it is told in my father’s hall,
You die for love of me.”

“ Fair lady, it is for your love
That all this dill I dry :
For if you would comfort me with a kiss,
Then were I brought from bale to bliss,
No longer would I lie.”

“ Sir knight, my father is a king,
I am his only heir ;
Alas ! and well you know, sir knight,
I never can be your fair.”

“O lady, thou art a king’s daughter,
And I am not thy peer,
But let me do some deeds of arms
To be your bachelere.”

“Some deeds of arms if thou wilt do,
My bachelere to be,
(But ever and aye my heart shall rue,
Gif harm should hap to thee,)

“Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorn,
Upon the moors broding;
And dare ye, sir knight, wake there all night
Until the fair morning?

“For the Eldridge knight, so mickle of might,
Will examine you beforne:
And never man bare life away,
But he did him scathe and scorn.

“That knight he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speed,
Thy life it is but gone.”

“Now on the Eldridge hills I’ll walk,
For thy sake, fair lady;
And I’ll either bring you a ready token,
Or I’ll never more you see.”

The lady is gone to her chamber,
Her maidens following bright:
Sir Cauline lope from care-bed soon,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moon did rise,
He walked up and down ;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blow
Over the bents so brown ;
Quoth he, " If cryance come till my heart,
I am far from any good town."

And soon he spied on the moors so broad,
A furious wight and fell ;
A lady bright his bridle led,
Clad in a fair kirtell :

And so fast he called on Sir Cauline,
" O man, I rede thee fly ;
For but if cryance comes till my heart,
I ween but thou mun die."

He saith, " No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in faith, I will not flee ;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee."

The Eldridge knight he pricked his steed ;
Sir Cauline bold abode :
Then either shook his trusty spear,
And the timber these two children bare
So soon in sunder slode.

Then took they out their two good swords,
And laden on full fast,
Till helm and hauberk, mail and shield,
They all were wellnigh brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiff in stour did stand,
But Sir Cauline with a backward stroke
He smote off his right hand ;
That soon he with pain and lack of blood
Fell down on that lay-land.

Then up Sir Cauline lift his brand
All over his head so high :
“ And here I swear by the holy rood,
Now, caitiff, thou shalt die.”

Then up and came that lady bright,
Fast wringing of her hand :
“ For the maiden’s love, that most you love,
Withhold that deadly brand :

“ For the maiden’s love, that most you love,
Now smite no more, I pray ;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obey.”

“ Now swear to me, thou Eldridge knight,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his lay,
And thereto plight thy hand :

“ And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sport, gamen, or play :
And that thou here give up thy arms
Until thy dying day.”

The Eldridge knight gave up his arms
With many a sorrowful sigh;
And sware to obey Sir Cauline's hest,
Till the time that he should die.

And he then up and the Eldridge knight
Set him on his saddle anone,
And the Eldridge knight and his lady
To their castle are they gone.

Then he took up the bloody hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he found five rings of gold
Of knights that had be slone.

Then he took up the Eldridge sword,
As hard as any flint:
And he took off those ringès five,
As bright as fire and brent.

Home then pricked Sir Cauline
As light as leaf on tree:
I wis he neither stint ne blan,
Till he his lady see.

Then down he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay:

"O lady, I have been on the Eldridge hills:
These tokens I bring away."

"Now welcome, welcome, Sir Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto me,
For now I perceive thou art a true knight,
Of valour bold and free."

“O lady, I am thy own true knight,
Thy hests for to obey :
And mought I hope to win thy love!—”
Ne more his tongue could say.

The lady blushed scarlet red,
And fet a gentle sigh :
“Alas! sir knight, how may this be,
For my degree’s so high ?

“But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my bachelere,
I’ll promise if thee I may not wed
I will have none other fere.”

Then she held forth her lily-white hand
Towards that knight so free ;
He gave to it one gentle kiss,
His heart was brought from bale to bliss,
The tears stert from his ee.

“But keep my counsel, Sir Cauline,
Ne let no man it know ;
For and ever my father should it ken,
I wot he would us sloe.”

From that day forth that lady fair
Loved Sir Cauline the knight :
From that day forth he only joyed
When she was in his sight.

Yea and oftentimes they met
Within a fair arbour,
Where they in love and sweet dalliance
Passed many a pleasant hour.

THE SECOND PART

Every white will have its black,
And every sweet its sour :
This found the Lady Christabel
In an untimely hour.

For so it befell, as Sir Cauline
Was with that lady fair,
The king her father walked forth
To take the evening air :

And into the harbour as he went
To rest his weary feet,
He found his daughter and Sir Cauline
There set in dalliance sweet.

The king he sterted forth, I wis,
And an angry man was he :
“Now, traitor, thou shalt hang or draw,
And rue shall thy lady.”

Then forth Sir Cauline he was led,
And thrown in dungeon deep :
And the lady into a tower so high,
There left to wail and weep.

The queen she was Sir Cauline's friend,
And to the king said she :
“I pray you save Sir Cauline's life,
And let him banished be.”

“Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea foam :
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foul death is his doom.”

All woe-begone was that gentle knight
To part from his lady ;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistful eye :
“Fair Christabel, from thee to part
Far liever had I die.”

Fair Christabel, that lady bright,
Was had forth of the tower ;
But ever she droopeth in her mind,
As nipped by an ungentle wind
Doth some fair lily flower :

And ever she doth lament and weep
To tint her lover so :
“Sir Cauline, thou little think'st on me,
But I will still be true.”

Many a king, and many a duke,
And lord of high degree,
Did sue that fair lady of love ;
But never she would them nee.

When many a day was past and gone,
Ne comfort she could find,
The king proclaimed a tournament,
To cheer his daughter's mind :



FAIR CHRISTABEL SO WOE-BEGONE
WAS THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL.

And there came lords, and there came knights,
Fro' many a far country,
To break a spear for their ladies' love
Before that fair lady.

And many a lady there was set
In purple and in pall :
But fair Christabel so woe-begone
Was the fairest of them all.

Then many a knight was mickle of might
Before his lady gay ;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knew,
He won the prize each day.

His acton it was all of black,
His hauberk, and his shield,
Ne no man wist whence he did come,
Ne no man knew where he did gone,
When they came from the field.

And now three days were prestly past
In feats of chivalry,
When lo upon the fourth morning
A sorrowful sight they see.

A hugy giant stiff and stark,
All foul of limb and lere ;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden ;
A mouth from ear to ear.

Before him came a dwarf full low,
That waited on his knee,
And at his back five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

“Sir,” quoth the dwarf, and louted low,
“Behold that hend soldan !

Behold these heads I bear with me !

They are kings which he hath slain.

“The Eldridge knight is his own cousin,

Whom a knight of thine hath shent :

And he is come to avenge his wrong,

And to thee, all thy knights among,

Defiance here hath sent.

“But yet he will appease his wrath

Thy daughter’s love to win :

And but thou yield him that fair maid,

Thy halls and towers must brenne.

“Thy head, sir king, must go with me ;

Or else thy daughter dear ;

Or else within these lists so broad

Thou must find him a peer.”

The king he turned him round about,

And in his heart was woe :

“Is there never a knight of my round table,

This matter will undergo ?

“Is there never a knight amongst ye all

Will fight for my daughter and me ?

Whoever will fight yon grim soldan,

Right fair his meed shall be.

“For he shall have my broad lay-lands,

And of my crown be heir ;

And he shall win fair Christabel

To be his wedded fere.”

But every knight of his round table
Did stand both still and pale ;
For whenever they looked on the grim soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fair lady,
When she saw no help was nigh :
She cast her thought on her own true-love,
And the tears gushed from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knight,
Said, " Lady, be not afraid :
I 'll fight for thee with this grim soldan,
Though he be unmackly made.

" And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sword,
That lieth within thy bower,
I trust in Christ for to slay this fiend,
Though he be stiff in stour."

" Go, fetch him down the Eldridge sword,"
The king he cried, with speed :
" Now heaven assist thee, courteous knight ;
My daughter is thy meed."

The giant he stepped into the lists,
And said, " Away, away :
I swear, as I am the hend soldan,
Thou lettest me here all day."

Then forth the stranger knight he came
In his black armour dight :
The lady sighed a gentle sigh,
" That this were my true knight !"

And now the giant and knight be met
Within the lists so broad ;
And now with swords so sharp of steel,
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan struck the knight a stroke,
That made him reel aside ;
Then woe-begone was that fair lady,
And thrice she deeply sighed.

The soldan struck a second stroke,
And made the blood to flow :
All pale and wan was that lady fair,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan struck a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knight on his knee :
Sad sorrow pierced that lady's heart,
And she shrieked loud shriekings three.

The knight he leapt upon his feet,
All reckless of the pain :
Quoth he, " But heaven be now my speed,
Or else I shall be slain."

He grasped his sword with main and might,
And spying a secret part,
He drave it into the soldan's side,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shout,
When they saw the soldan fall :
The lady wept, and thanked Christ,
That had rescued her from thrall.

And now the king with all his barons
Rose up from off his seat,
And down he stepped into the lists,
That courteous knight to greet.

But he for pain and lack of blood
Was fallen into a swoond,
And there all weltering in his gore,
Lay lifeless on the ground.

“Come down, come down, my daughter dear,
Thou art a leech of skill;
Far liever had I lose half my lands,
Than this good knight should spill.”

Down then steppeth that fair lady,
To help him if she may;
But when she did his beaver raise,
“It is my life, my lord,” she says,
And shrieked and swooned away.

Sir Cauline just lift up his eyes
When he heard his lady cry,
“O lady, I am thine own true love;
For thee I wished to die.”

Then giving her one parting look,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabel, that lady mild,
Began to draw her breath.

But when she found her comely knight
Indeed was dead and gone,
She laid her pale cold cheek to his,
And thus she made her moan :

“O stay, my dear and only lord,
For me thy faithful fere;
'Tis meet that I should follow thee,
Who hast bought my love so dear.”

Then fainting in a deadly swoon,
And with a deep-fet sigh,
That burst her gentle heart in twain,
Fair Christabel did die.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his house-keeping, and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

“How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me,
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.”

“My liege,” quo’ the abbot, “I would it were known,
I never spend nothing but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will do me no dere,
For spending my own true-gotten gear.”

“Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy body.

“And first,” quo’ the king, “when I’m in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

“Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about.
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.”

“O, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weeks’ space,
I’ll do my endeavour to answer your grace.”

“Now three weeks’ space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.”

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold :

“How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
What news do you bring us from good King John ?”

“Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give ;
That I have but three days more to live :
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my body.

“The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

“The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about :
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.”

“Now cheer up, sir abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit ?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

“Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be :
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town.”

“Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave ;
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope.”

"Now, welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
" 'Tis well thou 'rt come back to keep thy day ;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told ;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth so little !
—Now secondly tell me without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again ;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you 'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St Joan,
"I did not think it could be gone so soon !
Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yea, that I shall do, and make your grace merry ;
You think I 'm the abbot of Canterbury ;
But I 'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the Mass—

“I’ll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!”

“Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For, alack, I can neither write nor read.”

“Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,

For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me,

And tell the old abbot when thou comest home

Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King
John.”

CHEVY-CHACE

God prosper long our noble king,

Our lives and safeties all ;

A woeful hunting once there did

In Chevy-Chace befall ;

To drive deer with hound and horn,

Earl Percy took his way,

The child may rue that is unborn,

The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland

A vow to God did make,

His pleasure in the Scottish woods

Three summer’s days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace

To kill and bear away.

These tidings to Earl Douglas came,

In Scotland where he lay ;

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow-deer :
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appear ;

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hill and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer ;
Quoth he, " Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here ;

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."

With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say :

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight ;

"All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweed."

"O cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed :

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland nor in France,

"That never did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make
Was noble Percy he ;
Who said, " We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be :

" Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say,

" Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die :
I know thee well, an earl thou art ;
Lord Percy, so am I.

" But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

" Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside."

" Accurst be he," Earl Percy said,
" By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, " I would not have it told
To Henry our King for shame,

" That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You be two earls," said Witherington,
" And I a squire alone ;

“I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand :
While I have power to wield my sword
I'll fight with heart and hand.”

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full four-score Scots they slew.

Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good.
As valiant Captain, all unmoved
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As Leader ware and tried,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Douglas bade on the bent.
Two captains moved with mickle might,
Their spears to shivers went.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound :
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground :

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright :
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might :
Like lions wood, they lade on lode,
And made a cruel fight :

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel ;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said,
"In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish king :

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight,
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot,
That ever yet was born."

With that, there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spake more words than these,
“ Fight on, my merry men all ;
Forwhy my life is at an end ;
Lord Percy sees my fall.”

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand ;
And said, “ Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

“ O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take.”

A knight amongst the Scots there was
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And passed the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear ;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain :
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he :

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day,
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baron :

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas, there was slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die :
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail ;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away :
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.



OF FIFTEEN HUNDRED ENGLISHMEN
WENT HOME BUT FIFTY-THREE.

The news was brought to Edinboro',
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain :

"O heavy news," King James did say,
"Scotland may witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chace :

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith it will no better be ;
I trust I have, within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he :

"Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take :
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed
After, at Humbledown ;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown :

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die :
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace ;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH

LISTEN, lively lordings all,
Lithe and listen unto me,
And I will sing of a noble earl,
The noblest earl in the north country.

Earl Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walks his fair lady ;
“ I heard a bird sing in mine ear,
That I must either fight or flee.”

“ Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee :
But go to London to the court,
And fair fall truth and honesty !”

“ Now nay, now nay, my lady gay,
Alas ! thy counsel suits not me ;
Mine enemies prevail so fast,
That at the court I may not be.”

“ O go to the court yet, good my lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee :
If any dare to do you wrong,
Then your warrant they may be.”

“Now nay, now nay, thou lady fair,
The court is full of subtilty ;
And if I go to the court, lady,
Never more I may thee see.”

“Yet go to the court, my lord,” she says,
“And I myself will ride wi’ thee :
At court then for my dearest lord,
His faithful borrow I will be.”

“Now nay, now nay, my lady dear ;
Far liever had I lose my life,
Than leave among my cruel foes
My love in jeopardy and strife.

“But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come thou hither unto me,
To Maister Norton thou must go
In all the haste that ever may be.

“Commend me to that gentleman,
And bear this letter here fro me ;
And say that earnestly I pray,
He will ride in my company.”

One while the little foot-page went,
And another while he ran ;
Until he came to his journey’s end,
The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he kneeled on his knee ;
And took the letter betwixt his hands,
And let the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was read
Afore that goodly company,
I wis, if you the truth would know,
There was many a weeping eye.

He said, "Come thither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seemest to be ;
What dost thou counsel me, my son,
Now that good earl 's in jeopardy ?"

"Father, my counsel 's fair and free ;
That earl he is a noble lord,
And whatsoever to him you hight,
I would not have you break your word."

"Gramercy, Christopher, my son,
Thy counsel well it liketh me,
And if we speed and 'scape with life,
Well advanced shalt thou be.

"Come you hither, my nine good sons,
Gallant men I trow you be :
How many of you, my children dear,
Will stand by that good earl and me ?"

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastily,
"O father, till the day we die
We 'll stand by that good earl and thee."

"Gramercy now, my children dear,
You show yourselves right bold and brave ;
And whethersoe'er I live or die,
A father's blessing you shall have.

“ But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
Thou art mine eldest son and heir :
Somewhat lies brooding in thy breast ;
Whatever it be to me declare.”

“ Father, you are an aged man,
Your head is white, your beard is grey ;
It were a shame at these your years
For you to rise in such a fray.”

“ Now fie upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedst this of me :
When thou wert young and tender of age,
Why did I make so much of thee ?”

“ But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarmed and naked will I be ;
And he that strikes against the crown,
Ever an ill death may he dee !”

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodly band
To join with the brave Earl Percy,
And all the flower o’ Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The Earl of Westmorland was he :
At Wetherby they mustered their host,
Thirteen thousand fair to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancient raised,
The Dun Bull he raised on high,
And three Dogs with golden collars
Were there set out most royally.

Earl Percy there his ancient spread,
The Half-Moon shining all so fair :
The Nortons' ancient had the cross,
And the five wounds our Lord did bear.

Then Sir George Bowes he straightway rose,
After them some spoil to make :
Those noble earls turned back again,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard Castle then fled he.
The uttermost walls were eathe to win,
The earls have won them presently.

The uttermost walls were lime and brick ;
But though they won them soon anone,
Long ere they won the innermost walls,
For they were cut in rock of stone.

Then news unto leeve London came
In all the speed that ever might be,
And word is brought to our royal queen
Of the rising in the North country.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royal queen she swore,
"I will ordain them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before."

She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
With horse and harness fair to see ;
She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
To take the earls i' th' North country.

Wi' them the false Earl Warwick went,
Th' Earl Sussex and the Lord Hunsden ;
Until they to York Castle came
I wis, they never stint ne blan.

Now spread thy ancient, Westmorland,
Thy Dun Bull fain would we spy :
And thou, the Earl o' Northumberland,
Now raise thy Half-Moon up on high !

But the Dun Bull is fled and gone,
And the Half-Moon vanished away :
The Earls, though they were brave and bold,
Against so many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sons,
They doomed to die, alas for ruth !
Thy reverend locks thee could not save,
Nor them their fair and blooming youth.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
They cruelly bereaved of life :
And many a child made fatherless,
And widowed many a tender wife.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS

"How long shall fortune fail me now,
And harrow me with fear and dread ?
How long shall I in bale abide,
In misery my life to lead ?

“To fall from my bliss, alas the while !

It was my sore and heavy lot :
And I must leave my native land,
And I must live a man forgot.

“One gentle Armstrong I do ken,
A Scot, he is much bound to me :
He dwelleth on the border side,
To him I'll go right privily.”

Thus did the noble Percy 'plain,
With a heavy heart and wellaway,
When he with all his gallant men
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
They dealt with him all treacherously ;
For they did strip that noble earl :
And ever an ill death may they die !

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,
To shew him where his guest did hide :
Who sent him to the Lough-leven,
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He halched him right courteously :
Said, “ Welcome, welcome, noble earl,
Here thou shalt safely bide with me.”

When he had in Lough-leven been
Many a month and many a day,
To the regent the lord warden sent,
That banished earl for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,
And wrote a letter fair to see :
Saying, " Good my lord, grant me my boon,
And yield that banished man to me."

Earl Percy at the supper sate
With many a goodly gentleman :
The wily Douglas then bespake,
And thus to flyte with him began :

" What makes you be so sad, my lord,
And in your mind so sorrowfully ?
To-morrow a shooting will be held
Among the lords of the North country.

" The butts are set, the shooting 's made,
And there will be great royalty :
And I am sworn into my bill,
Thither to bring my Lord Percy."

" I 'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
And here by my true faith," quoth he,
" If thou wilt ride to the world's end,
I will ride in thy company."

And then bespake a lady fair,
Mary à Douglas was her name :
" You shall bide here, good English lord,
My brother is a traitorous man.

" He is a traitor stout and strong,
As I tell you in privity :
For he hath ta'en 'liverance of the earl,
Into England now to 'liver thee."

“Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
The regent is a noble lord:
Ne for the gold in all England
The Douglas would not break his word.

“When the regent was a banished man,
With me he did fair welcome find;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I still shall find him true and kind.

“Between England and Scotland it would break
truce
And friends again they would never be,
If they should ’liver a banished earl
Was driven out of his own country.”

“Alas! alas! my lord,” she says,
“Now mickle is their traitory;
Then let my brother ride his ways,
And tell these English lords from thee,

“How that you cannot with him ride,
Because you are in an isle of the sea,
Then ere my brother come again
To Edinboro’ Castle I’ll carry thee.

“To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,
He is well known a true Scots lord,
And he will lose both land and life,
Ere he with thee will break his word.”

“Much is my woe,” Lord Percy said,
“When I think on my own country,
When I think on the heavy hap
My friends have suffered there for me.

"Much is my woe," Lord Percy said,
 "And sore those wars my mind distress ;
Where many a widow lost her mate,
 And many a child was fatherless.

"And now that I a banished man
 Should bring such evil hap with me,
To cause my fair and noble friends
 To be suspect of treachery—

"This rives my heart with double woe ;
 And liever had I die this day,
Than think a Douglas can be false,
 Or ever he will his guest betray."

"If you'll give me no trust, my lord,
 Nor unto me no credence yield ;
Yet step one moment here aside,
 I'll show you all your foes in field."

"Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
 Never dealt in privy wile ;
But evermore held the highway
 Of truth and honour, free from guile."

"If you'll not come yourself, my lord,
 Yet send your chamberlain with me ;
Let me but speak three words with him,
 And he shall come again to thee."

James Swynard with that lady went,
 She showed him through the weme of her ring
How many English lords there were
 Waiting for his master and him.

"And who walks yonder, my good lady,
So royally on yonder green?"

"O yonder is the Lord Hunsden :
Alas! he 'll do you dree and teen."

"And who be'th yonder, thou gay lady,
That walks so proudly him beside?"

"That is Sir William Drury," she said,
"A keen captain he is and tried."

"How many miles is it, madame,
Betwixt yon English lords and me?"

"Marry it is thrice fifty miles,
To sail to them upon the sea.

"I never was on English ground,
Ne never saw it with mine eye,
But as my book it showeth me,
And through my ring I may descry.

"My mother she was a witch lady,
And of her skill she learned me :
She would let me see out of Lough-leven
What they did in London city."

"But who is yond, thou lady fair,
That looketh with sic an austerne face?"

"Yonder is Sir John Foster," quoth she,
"Alas! he 'll do ye sore disgrace."

He pulled his hat down over his brow ;
He wept ; in his heart he was full of woe :
And he is gone to his noble Lord
Those sorrowful tidings him to show.

“ Now nay, now nay, good James Swynard,
I may not believe that witch lady :
The Douglasses were ever true,
And they can ne’er prove false to me.

“ I have now in Lough-leven been
The most part of these years three,
Yet have I never had no outrake,
Ne no good games that I could see.

“ Therefore I ’ll to yon shooting wend,
As to the Douglas I have hight :
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
He ne’er shall find my promise light.’

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,
And gave it to that gay lady :
Says, “ It was all that I could save,
In Harley woods where I could be.”

“ And wilt thou go, thou noble lord,
Then farewell truth and honesty ;
And farewell heart and farewell hand ;
For never more I shall thee see.”

The wind was fair, the boatmen called,
And all the sailors were on board ;
Then William Douglas took to his boat,
And with him went that noble lord.

Then he cast up a silver wand,
Says, “ Gentle lady, fare thee well !”
That lady fet a sigh so deep,
And in a dead swoon down she fell.

"Now let us go back, Douglas," he said,
"A sickness hath taken yond fair lady ;
If aught befall yond lady but good,
Then blamed for ever I shall be."

"Come on, come on, my lord," he says ;
"Come on, come on, and let her be :
There's ladies enow in Lough-leven
For to cheer that gay lady."

"If you'll not turn yourself, my lord,
Let me go with my chamberlain ;
We will but comfort that fair lady,
And we will return to you again."

"Come on, come on, my lord," he says,
"Come on, come on, and let her be :
My sister is crafty, and would beguile
A thousand such as you and me."

When they had sailed fifty mile,
Now fifty mile upon the sea ;
He sent his man to ask the Douglas,
When they should that shooting see.

"Fair words," quoth he, "they make fools fain,
And that by thee and thy lord is seen :
You may hap to think it soon enough
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween."

Jamie his hat pulled over his brow,
He thought his lord then was betrayed ;
And he is to Earl Percy again,
To tell him what the Douglas said.

“Hold up thy head, man,” quoth his lord ;
“Nor therefore let thy courage fail ;
He did it but to prove thy heart,
To see if he could make it quail.”

When they had other fifty sailed,
Other fifty mile upon the sea,
Lord Percy called to Douglas himself,
Said, “What wilt thou now do with me ?”

“Look that your bridle be wight, my lord,
And your horse go swift as ship at sea :
Look that your spurs be bright and sharp,
That you may prick her while she ’ll away.

“What needeth this, Douglas ?” he saith ;
“What needest thou to flyte with me ?
For I was counted a horseman good
Before that ever I met with thee.

“A false Hector hath my horse,
Who dealt with me so treacherously :
A false Armstrong hath my spurs,
And all the gear belongs to me.”

When they had sailed other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile upon the sea ;
They landed low by Berwick side,
A deputed laird landed Lord Percy.

Then he at York was doomed to die,
It was, alas ! a sorrowful sight :
Thus they betrayed that noble earl,
Who ever was a gallant wight.

EDOM O' GORDON

It fell about the Martinmas
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw till a hauld."

"And what a hauld sall we draw till,
My mirry men and me ?
We wul gae to the house o' the Rodes,
To see that fair lady."

The lady stude on her castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down ;
There she was ware of a host of men
Come riding towards the toun.

"O see ye nat, my mirry men a',
O see ye nat what I see ?
Methinks I see a host of men :
I marveil wha they be."

She ween'd it had been her luvely lord,
As he cam riding hame ;
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,
Wha reckt nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hersel',
And putten on her gown,
But Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper set,
Nae sooner said the grace,
But Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower head,
Sae fast as she could hie,
To see if by her fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

But whan he see this lady safe,
And hir gates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his look was all aghast.

"Come doun to me, ye lady gay,
Come doun, come doun to me!
This night sall ye lig within mine arms,
To-morrow my bride sall be."

"I winna come doun, ye false Gordon,
I winna come doun to thee;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me."

"Give owre your house, ye lady fair,
Give owre your house to me,
Or I sall brenn yoursel' therein,
But and your babies three."

"I winna give owre, ye false Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as ye;
And if ye brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord shall make ye drie.

“ But reach my pistol, Glaud my man,
And charge ye weil my gun !
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone.”

She stude upon her castle wa',
And let twa bullets flee ;
She mist that bluidy butcher's heart,
And only razed his knee.

“ Set fire to the house,” quo' false Gordon,
All wood wi' dule and ire ;
“ False lady, ye sall rue this deed,
As ye brenn in the fire.”

“ Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock my man
I paid ye weil your fee ;
Why pu' ye out the ground-wa' stane,
Lets in the reek to me ?

“ And e'en wae worth ye, Jock my man !
I paid ye weil your hire ;
Why pu' ye out the ground-wa' stane,
To me lets in the fire ?”

“ Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,
Ye paid me weil my fee ;
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
Maun either doe or dee.”

O then bespake her little son,
Sate on the nurse's knee ;
Sayes, “ Mither dear, gi' owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me.”



SHE STUDE UPON HER CASTLE WA'
AND LET TWA BULLETS FLEE.

"I wad gie a' my gowd, my child,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ane blast o' the western wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee."

O then bespake her dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and sma':
"O row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me owre the wa'!"

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa';
But on the point of Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red bluid dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turn'd her owre,
O gin her face was wan!
He said, "Ye are the first that e'er
I wisht alive again."

He turn'd her owre and owre again,
O gin her skin was white!
"I might ha' spared that bonnie face
To hae been sum man's delight!

"Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna luik in that bonnie face,
As it lies on the grass."

“Them luiks to frets, my master deir,
Then frets will follow them;
Let ne’er be said brave Edom o’ Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.”

But when the lady see the fire
Come flaming owre her head,
She wept and kist her children twain,
Said, “Bairns, we been but dead.”

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
And said “Awa’, awa’!
This house o’ the Rodes is a’ in flame,
I hauld it time to ga’.”

O then bespyed her ain dear lord,
As he cam owre the lee;
He seed his castle all in blaze
Sae far as he could see.

Then sair O sair his mind misgave,
And all his heart was wae;
“Put on, put on, my wighty men,
So fast as ye can gae!

“Put on, put on, my wighty men,
Sa fast as ye can drie!
For he that is hindmost of the thrang
Sall ne’er get guid o’ me.”

Than some they rade, and some they rin,
Fu’ fast out-owre the bent;
But e’er the foremost could get up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenfu' muid;
"O traitors, for this cruel deid
Ye shall weep teirs o' bluid!"

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sae fast as he might drie.
And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's bluid
He's wroken his dear lady.

MARY AMBREE

WHEN captains courageous, whom death could not
daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

Where brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slain most treacherously,
Then vowed to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herself from the top to the toe
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show;
A fair shirt of mail then slipped on she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmet of proof she straight did provide,
A strong arming sword she girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
Bidding all such, as would, be of her band ;
To wait on her person came thousand and three :
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

“ My soldiers,” she saith, “ so valiant and bold,
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold ;
Still foremost in battle myself will I be :”
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,
“ So well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree,
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.”

She cheered her soldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

“ Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free :”
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,
'Gainst three times their number by break of the day ;
Seven hours in skirmish continued she :
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

She filled the skies with the smoke of her shot,
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot ;
For one of her own men a score killed she :
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slashed him in
three :

Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Being falsely betrayed for lucre of hire,
At length she was forced to make a retire ;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she :
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
As thinking close siege she could never abide ;
To beat down the walls they all did decree :
But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captains to match any three :
O what a brave captain was Mary Ambree !

“ Now say, English captain, what wouldest thou
give
To ransom thyself, which else must not live ?
Come yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be.”
Then smiled sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

“ Ye captains courageous, of valour so bold,
Whom think you before you now you do behold ?”
“ A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be.”

“No captain of England; behold in your sight
Two breasts in my bosom, and therefore no knight
No knight, sirs, of England, nor captain you see,
But a poor simple lass, called Mary Ambree.”

“But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war?
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree.”

The Prince of great Parma heard of her renown
Who long had advanced for England's fair crown;
He wooed her and sued her his mistress to be,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous maiden despised them all:
“I'll ne'er sell my honour for purple nor pall:
A maiden of England, sir, never will be
The whore of a monarch,” quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her own country she back did return,
Still holding the foes of fair England in scorn:
Therefore English captains of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY

THE fifteenth day of July,
 With glistering spear and shield,
 A famous fight in Flanders
 Was foughten in the field :
 The most courageous officers
 Were English captains three ;
 But the bravest man in battle
 Was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
 A valiant man was he :
 The other Captain Turner,
 From field would never flee.
 With fifteen hundred fighting men,
 Alas ! there were no more,
 They fought with fourteen thousand then,
 Upon the bloody shore.

“Stand to it, noble pikemen,
 And look you round about :
 And shoot you right, you bow-men,
 And we will keep them out :
 You musket and caliver men,
 Do you prove true to me,
 I’ll be the foremost man in fight,”
 Says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail :
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most piteous for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all men's view
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more ;
And then upon dead horses
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water—
They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found ;
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning towards the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows
And bullets thick did fly,
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously ;

Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee,
They feared the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
“Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If here we longer stay ;
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.”

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously,
And caught their forces quite ;
But at last they gave a shout,
Which echoed through the sky ;
“God, and St. George for England !”
The conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious queen was told
Of this same victory.
“O this is brave Lord Willoughby,
My love that ever won,
Of all the lords of honour
’Tis he great deeds hath done.”

To the soldiers that were maimed
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day ;
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free :
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayed ;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foreign enemies,
And set our nation free.
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER

In the days of old,
When fair France did flourish,
Stories plain have told,
Lovers felt annoy.
The queen a daughter bare,
Whom beauty's queen did nourish :
She was lovely fair,
She was her father's joy.

A prince of England came,
 Whose deeds did merit fame,
 But he was exiled, and outcast :
 Love his soul did fire,
 She granted his desire,
 Their hearts in one were linked fast.
 Which when her father proved,
 Sorely he was moved,
 And tormented in his mind.
 He sought for to prevent them ;
 And, to discontent them,
 Fortune crossed these lovers kind.

When these princes twain
 Were thus barred of pleasure,
 Through the king's disdain,
 Which their joys withstood :
 The lady soon prepared
 Her jewels and her treasure :
 Having no regard
 For state and royal blood ;
 In homely poor array
 She went from court away,
 To meet her joy and heart's delight ;
 Who in a forest great
 Had taken up his seat,
 To wait her coming in the night.
 But lo ! what sudden danger
 To this princely stranger
 Chanced as he sat alone !

By outlaws he was robbed,
And with poniards stabbed,
Uttering many a dying groan.

The princess, armed by love,
And by chaste desire,
All the night did rove
Without dread at all :
Still unknown she past
In her strange attire ;
Coming at the last
Within echo's call—
"You fair woods," quoth she,
"Honoured may you be,
Harbouring my heart's delight ;
Which encompass here
My joy and only dear,
My trusty friend and comely knight.
Sweet, I come unto thee,
Sweet, I come to woo thee ;
That thou mayst not angry be
For my long delaying ;
For thy courteous staying
Soon amends I'll make to thee."

Passing thus alone
Through the silent forest,
Many a grievous groan
Sounded in her ears :
She heard one complain
And lament the sorest,

Seeming all in pain,
 Shedding deadly tears.
 "Farewell, my dear," quoth he,
 "Whom I must never see;
 Forwhy my life is at an end,
 Through villains' cruelty:
 For thy sweet sake I die,
 To show I am a faithful friend.
 Here I lie a-bleeding,
 While my thoughts are feeding
 On the rarest beauty found.
 O hard hap, that may be!
 Little knows my lady
 My heart's blood lies on the ground."

With that a groan he sends
 Which did burst asunder
 All the tender bands
 Of his gentle heart.
 She, who knew his voice,
 At his words did wonder;
 All her former joys
 Did to grief convert.
 Straight she ran to see
 Who this man should be,
 That so like her love did seem:
 Her lovely lord she found
 Lie slain upon the ground,
 Smeared with gore, a ghastly stream;
 Which his lady spying,
 Shrieking, fainting, crying,

Her sorrows could not uttered be :
" Fate," she cried, " too cruel :
For thee—my dearest jewel,
Would God ! that I had died for thee.

His pale lips, alas !
Twenty times she kissed,
And his face did wash
With her trickling tears :
Every gaping wound
Tenderly she pressed,
And did wipe it round
With her golden hairs.
" Speak, fair love," quoth she,
" Speak, fair prince, to me,
One sweet word of comfort give :
Lift up thy dear eyes,
Listen to my cries,
Think in what sad grief I live."
All in vain she sued,
All in vain she wooed,
The prince's life was fled and gone.
There stood she still mourning,
Till the sun's returning,
And bright day was coming on.

In this great distress
Weeping, wailing ever,
Oft she cried, " Alas !
What will become of me ?

To my father's court

I return will never :

But in lowly sort

I will a servant be."

While thus she made her moan,

Weeping all alone,

In this deep and deadly fear :

A for'ster all in green,

Most comely to be seen,

Ranging the woods did find her there.

Moved with her sorrow,

"Maid," quoth he, "good morrow,

What hard hap has brought thee here?"

"Harder hap did never

Two kind hearts dissever :

Here lies slain my brother dear.

"Where may I remain,

Gentle for'ster, shew me,

'Till I can obtain

A service in my need ?

Pains I will not spare :

This kind favour do me,

It will ease my care ;

Heaven shall be thy meed."

The for'ster, all amazed,

On her beauty gazed,

Till his heart was set on fire.

"If, fair maid," quoth he,

"You will go with me,

You shall have your heart's desire."

He brought her to his mother,
And above all other
 He set forth this maiden's praise.
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
 And fortune crowned his future days.

Thus unknown he wed
 With a king's fair daughter :
Children seven they had,
 Ere she told her birth :
Which when once he knew,
 Humbly he besought her,
He to the world might shew
 Her rank and princely worth.
He clothed his children then
(Not like other men)

 In parti-colours strange to see :
The right side cloth of gold,
The left side to behold,
 Of woollen cloth still framed he.
Men thereat did wonder ;
Golden fame did thunder
 This strange deed in every place :
The king of France came thither,
It being pleasant weather,
 In those woods the hart to chase.

The children then they bring,
 So their mother willed it,
Where the royal king



THE CHILDREN THEN THEY BRING.

Must of force come by :
Their mother's rich array
Was of crimson velvet :
Their father's all of gray,
Seemly to the eye.
Then this famous king,
Noting every thing,
Asked how he durst be so bold
To let his wife so wear,
And deck his children there
In costly robes of pearl and gold.
The forester replying,
And the cause descrying,
To the king these words did say :
" Well may they, by their mother,
Wear rich clothes with other,
Being by birth a princess gay."
The king aroused thus,
More heedfully beheld them,
Till a crimson blush
His remembrance crost.
" The more I fix my mind
On thy wife and children,
The more methinks I find
The daughter which I lost."
Falling on her knee,
" I am that child," quoth she ;
" Pardon me, my sovereign liege."
The king perceiving this,
His daughter dear did kiss,
While joyful tears did stop his speech.

With his train he turned,
And with them sojourned.

Straight he dubbed her husband knight ;
Then made him Earl of Flanders,
And chief of his commanders :

Thus were their sorrows put to flight.

THE WINNING OF CALES

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
Threat'ning our country with fire and sword ;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

To the seas presently went our lord admiral,
With knights courageous and captains full good ;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood.
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

At Plymouth speedily, took they ship valiantly,
Braver ships never were seen under a sail,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers o'er their
head,
Now, bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tail !
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !
Unto Cales cunningly, came we most speedily,
Where the king's navy securely did ride ;

Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descried.

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

Great was the crying, the running and riding,
Which at that season was made at that place ;
The beacons were fired, as need then required ;
To hide their great treasure they had little space.

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

There you might see their ships, how they were fired
fast,

And how their men drowned themselves in the sea ;
There might you hear them cry, wail and weep
piteously,

When they saw no shift to scape thence away.

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

The great St. Philip, the pride of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea ;

But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
We took in fight manfully and brought away.

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardy,
With horsemen and footmen marched up to the
town ;

The Spaniards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
Did fly for their safeguard, and durst not come down.

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

"Now," quoth the noble Earl, "courage, my soldiers
all,

Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have ;
And be well rewarded all from the great to the small ;
But look that the women and children you save."

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
Hung up flags of truce and yielded the town ;
We marched in presently, decking the walls on high,
With English colours which purchased renown.

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
For gold and treasure we searched each day ;
In some places we did find pies baking left behind,
Meat at fire roasting, and folks run away.

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

Full of rich merchandise, every shop caught our eyes,
Damasks and sattens and velvets full fair ;
Which soldiers measured out by the length of their
swords ;

Of all commodities each had a share.

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
Marched to the market-place, where he did stand :

There many prisoners fell to our several shares,
Many craved mercy, and mercy they fand.
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes !

When our brave general saw they delayed all,
And would not ransom their town as they said,
With their fair wainscots, their presses and bedsteads,
Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made ;
And when the town burned all in a flame,
With tara, tantara, away we all came.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save ;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind,
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind :

LEGENDARY BALLADS

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old ;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

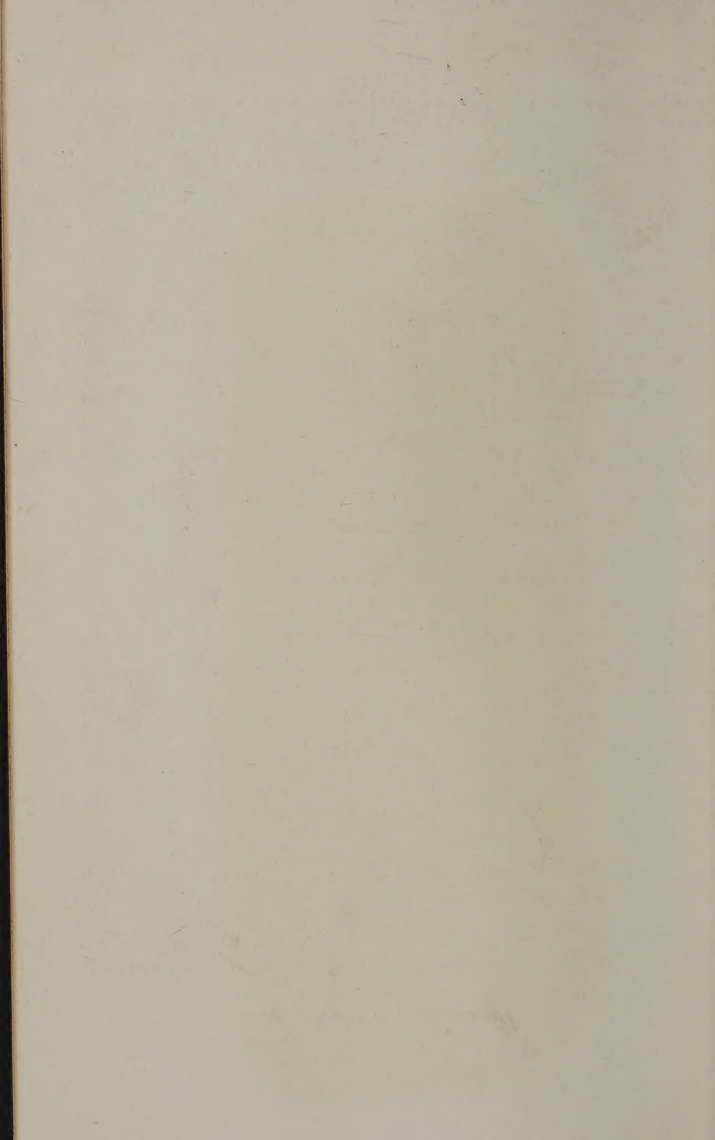
And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled :
But if the children chance to die,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;
For so the will did run.

" Now, brother," said the dying man,
" Look to my children dear ;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here :
To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day ;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

" You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one ;
God knows what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone."



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.



With that bespake their mother dear,
 "O brother kind," quoth she,
 "You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or misery :

"And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward ;
 But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your deeds regard."
 With lips as cold as any stone,
 They kissed their children small :
 "God bless you both, my children dear";
 With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
 To this sick couple there,
 "The keeping of your little ones,
 Sweet sister, do not fear :
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children dear,
 When you are laid in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them straight unto his house,
 Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay :

So that the pretty speech they had
Made Murder's heart relent ;
And they that undertook the deed,
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife ;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life :

And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood ;
The babes did quake for fear !

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry :
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain.
“ Stay here,” quoth he, “ I ’ll bring you bread,
When I come back again.”

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down ;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with black-berries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief ;
In one another’s arms they died,
As wanting due relief :
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

LEGENDARY BALLADS

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell :
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sons did die ;
And to conclude, himself was brought
To want and misery :
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about.
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out :

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
Such was God's blessed will :
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been displayed :
Their uncle having died in gaol,
Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek ;

Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like misery
Your wicked minds requite.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR

LORD THOMAS he was a bold forester,
And a chaser of the king's deer ;
Fair Ellinor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

"Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," he said,
"And riddle us both as one ;
Whether I shall marry with fair Ellinor,
And let the brown girl alone ?"

"The brown girl she has got houses and lands,
Fair Ellinor she has got none,
And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
To bring me the brown girl home."

And as it befell on a high holiday,
As many there are beside,
Lord Thomas he went to fair Ellinor,
That should have been his bride.

And when he came to fair Ellinor's bower,
He knocked there at the ring,
And who was so ready as fair Ellinor,
To let Lord Thomas within ?

"What news, what news, Lord Thomas ?" she said,
"What news dost thou bring to me ?"
"I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news for thee."

"O God forbid, Lord Thomas," she said,
"That such a thing should be done ;
I thought to have been the bride myself,
And thou to have been the bridegroom."

"Come riddle my riddle, dear mother," she said,
"And riddle it all in one ;
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas his wedding,
Or whether shall tarry at home ?"

"There are many that are your friends, daughter,
And many a one your foe,
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
To Lord Thomas his wedding don't go."

"There are many that are my friends, mother ;
But were every one my foe,
Betide me life, betide me death,
To Lord Thomas his wedding I 'd go."

She clothed herself in gallant attire,
And her merry men all in green ;
And as they rid through every town,
They took her to be some queen.

But when she came to Lord Thomas his gate,
She knocked there at the ring ;
And who was so ready as Lord Thomas,
To let fair Ellinor in ?

"Is this your bride ?" fair Ellinor said ;
"Methinks she looks wondrous brown ;
Thou mightest have had as fair a woman
As ever trod on the ground."

“Despise her not, fair Ellin,” he said,

“Despise her not unto me ;
For better I love thy little finger
Than all her whole body.”

This brown bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and sharp,
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
She pricked fair Ellinor’s heart.

“O Christ thee save,” Lord Thomas he said,
“Methinks thou lookst wondrous wan ;
Thou usedst to look with as fresh a colour
As ever the sun shone on.”

“Oh, art thou blind, Lord Thomas,” she said,
“Or canst thou not very well see ?
Oh ! dost thou not see my own heart’s blood
Run trickling down my knee ?”

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side ;
As he walked about the hall,
He cut off his bride’s head from her shoulders,
And threw it against the wall.

He set the hilt against the ground,
And the point against his heart.
There never three lovers together did meet,
That sooner again did part.

OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE

LET never again so old a man
Marry so young a wife,
As did old Robin of Portingale ;
Who may rue all the days of his life.

For the mayor's daughter of Lin, God wot,
He chose her to his wife,
And thought with her to have lived in love,
But they fell to hate and strife.

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid,
And scarce was he asleep,
But up she rose, and forth she goes
To the steward, and gan to weep.

"Sleep you, wake you, fair Sir Giles?
Or be you not within?
Sleep you, wake you, fair Sir Giles?
Arise and let me in."

"O, I am waking, sweet," he said,
"Sweet lady, what is your will?"
"I have on-bethought me of a wile
How my wed-lord we'll spill.

"Twenty-four good knights," she says,
"That dwell about this town,
Even twenty-four of my next cousins,
Will help to ding him down."

All that beheard his little foot-page,
As he watered his master's steed;
And for his master's sad peril
His very heart did bleed.

He mourned still, and wept full sore;
I swear by the holy rood
The tears he for his master wept
Were blent water and blood.

And that beheard his dear master
As he stood at his garden pale :
Says, " Ever alack, my little foot-page,
What causes thee to wail ?

" Hath any one done to thee wrong,
Any of thy fellows here ?
Or is any of thy good friends dead,
That thou shedst many a tear ?

" Or, if it be my head cooks-man,
Aggrieved he shall be :
For no man here within my house
Shall do wrong unto thee."

" O, it is not your head cooks-man,
Nor none of his degree :
But, on to-morrow ere it be noon,
All deemed to die are ye.

" And of that bethank your head steward,
And thank your gay lady."
" If this be true, my little foot-page,
The heir of my land thoust be."

" If it be not true, my dear master,
No good death let me die."
" If it be not true, thou little foot-page,
A dead corse shalt thou lie.

" O call now down my fair lady,
O call her down to me :
And tell my lady gay how sick,
And like to die I be."

Down then came his lady fair,
Al' clad in purple and pall :
The rings that were on her fingers,
Cast light thorough the hall.

“What is your will, my own wed-lord ?
Wha' is your will with me ?”
“O see, my lady dear, how sick,
And like to die I be.”

“And thou be sick, my own wed-lord,
So sore it grieveth me :
But my five maidens and myself
Will watch thy bed for thee.

“And at the waking of your first sleep,
We will a hot drink make :
And at the waking of your next sleep,
Your sorrows we will slake.”

He put a silk coat on his back,
And mail of many a fold :
And he put a steel cap on his head,
Was gilt with good red gold.

He laid a bright brown sword by his side,
And another at his feet :
And twenty good knights he placed at hand,
To watch him in his sleep.

And about the middle time of the night,
Came twenty-four traitors in :
Sir Giles he was the foremost man,
The leader of that gin.

Old Robin with his bright brown sword,
 Sir Giles' head soon did win :
 And scant, of all those twenty-four,
 Went out one quick again.

None save only a little foot-page
 Crept forth at a window of stone :
 And he had two arms when he came in,
 And he went back with one.

Up then came that lady gay
 With torches burning bright :
 She thought to have brought Sir Giles a drink,
 But she found her own wed knight.

The first thing that she stumbled on
 It was Sir Giles his foot :
 Says, " Ever alack, and woe is me !
 Here lies my sweet heart-root."

The next thing that she stumbled on
 It was Sir Giles his head :
 Says, " Ever alack, and woe is me !
 Here lies my true love dead."

He cut the paps beside her breast,
 And did her body spill ;
 He cut the ears beside her head,
 And bade her love her fill.

He called then up his little foot-page,
 And made him there his heir :
 And said : " Henceforth my worldly goods
 And country I forswear."

He shope the cross on his right shoulder,
 Of the white cloth and the red,
 And went him into the holy land,
 Whereas Christ was quick and dead.

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN

THE HUSBANDMAN

LET us lift up our hartes all,
 And praise the Lord's magnificence,
 Which hath given the wolves a fall,
 And is become our strong defence ;
 For they thorough a false pretence
 From Christes blood did all us lead,
 Getting from every man his pence,
 As satisfactours for the dead.

For what we with our FLAILS could get
 To keep our house and servants ;
 That did the Freers from us fet,
 And with our souls played the merchaunts :
 And thus they with their false warrants
 Of our sweat have easily lived,
 That for fatness their bellies pants,
 So greatly have they us deceived.

They spared not the fatherless,
 The careful, nor the poor widow ;
 They would have somewhat more or less,
 If it above the ground did grow :



LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

But now we Husbandmen do know
All their subtelty, and their false cast ;
For the Lord hath them overthrow
With His sweet word now at the last.

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER

Thou antichrist, with thy three crowns
Hast usurped kinges powers,
As having power over realms and towns,
Whom thou owest to serve all hours ;
Thou thinkest by thy juggling colours
Thou mayst likewise God's word oppress ;
As do the deceitful fowlers,
When they their nettes craftily dress.

Thou flatterest every prince and lord,
Threatening poor men with sword and fire ;
All those, that do follow God's word,
To make them cleave to thy desire,
Their books thou burnest in flaming fire ;
Cursing with book, bell, and candel,
Such as to read them have desire
Or with them are willing to meddel.

Thy false power will I bring down,
Thou shalt not reign many a year,
I shall drive thee from city to town,
Even with this PEN that thou seest here ;
Thou fightest with sword, shield, and spear,
But I will fight with Goddes word ;
Which is now so open and clear,
That it shall bring thee under the board.

THE POPE

Though I brought never so many to hell,
And to utter damnation,
Through mine ensample, and counsel,
Or thorough any abomination,
Yet doth our law excuse my fashion.
And thou, Luther, art accursed ;
For blaming me, and my condition,
The holy decrees have thee condemned.
Thou strivest against my purgatory,
Because thou findest it not in scripture ;
As though I by mine authority
Might not make one for mine honour.
Knowest thou not, that I have power
To make and mar in heaven and hell,
In earth and every creature ?
Whatsoever I do it must be well.
As for scripture, I am above it ;
Am not I God's high vicar ?
Should I be bound to follow it,
As the carpenter his ruler ?
Nay, nay, heretics ye are,
That will not obey my authority.
With this SWORD I will declare,
That ye shall all accursed be.

THE CARDINAL

I am a Cardinal of Rome,
Sent from Christ's high vicary,
To grant pardon to more and some,
That will Luther resist strongly ;

He is a great heretic truly,
And regardeth too much the scripture;
For he thinketh only thereby
To subdue the pope's high honour.
Receive ye this PARDON devoutly,
And look that ye against him fight;
Pluck up your hearts, and be manly,
For the pope saith that ye do but right;
And this be sure, that at one flight,
Although ye be overcome by chance,
Ye shall to heaven go with great might;
God can make you no resistance.
But these heretics for their meddling
Shall go down to hell every one;
For they have not the pope's blessing,
Nor regard his holy pardon:
They think from all destruction
By Christes blood to be saved,
Fearing not our excommunication,
Therefore shall they all be damned.

THE LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,
And a-hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble train
Of gentry by his side.
And while he did in chase remain
To see both sport and play,
His lady went, as she did feign,
Unto the church to pray.

LEGENDARY BALLADS

This lord he had a daughter dear,
Whose beauty shone so bright,
She was beloved, both far and near,
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she called,
A creature fair was she ;
She was her father's only joy,
As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel step-mother
Did envy her so much,
That day by day she sought her life,
Her malice it was such.

She bargained with the master-cook,
To take her life away :
And taking of her daughter's book
She thus to her did say :

"Go home, sweet daughter, I thee pray,
Go hasten presently ;
And tell unto the master-cook
These words that I tell thee :

"And bid him dress to dinner straight
That fair and milk-white doe,
That in the park doth shine so bright,
There's none so fair to show."

This lady, fearing of no harm,
Obeyed her mother's will ;
And presently she hasted home,
Her pleasure to fulfil.

She straight into the kitchen went,
 Her message for to tell ;
 And there she spied the master cook,
 Who did with malice swell.

“ Now, master-cook, it must be so,
 Do that which I thee tell :
 You needs must dress the milk-white doe,
 Which you do know full well.”

Then straight his cruel bloody hands
 He on the lady laid ;
 Who quivering and shaking stands,
 While thus to her he said :

“ Thou art the doe that I must dress ;
 See here, behold my knife ;
 For it is pointed presently
 To rid thee of thy life.”

O then cried out the scullion-boy,
 As loud as loud might be ;
 “ O save her life, good master-cook,
 And make your pies of me !

“ For pity's sake do not destroy
 My lady with your knife ;
 You know she is her father's joy,
 For Christ's sake save her life.”

“ I will not save her life,” he said,
 “ Nor make my pies of thee ;
 Yet if thou dost this deed bewray,
 Thy butcher I will be.”

LEGENDARY BALLADS

Now when this lord he did come home
For to sit down and eat ;
He called for his daughter dear,
To come and carve his meat.

“ Now sit you down,” his lady said,
“ O sit you down to meat :
Into some nunnery she is gone,
Your daughter dear forget.”

Then solemnly he made a vow,
Before the company,
That he would neither eat nor drink
Until he did her see.

O then bespake the scullion-boy,
With a loud voice so high :
“ If now you will your daughter see,
My lord, cut up that pie :

“ Wherein her flesh is minced small,
And parched with the fire ;
All caused by her step-mother,
Who did her death desire.

“ And cursed be the master-cook,
O cursed may he be !
I proffered him my own heart's blood,
From death to set her free.”

Then all in black this lord did mourn,
And for his daughter's sake,
He judged her cruel step-mother
To be burnt at a stake.

Likewise he judged the master-cook
 In boiling lead to stand ;
 And made the simple scullion-boy
 The heir of all his land.

MARGARET'S GHOST

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
 When night and morning meet ;
 In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
 Clad in a wintry cloud :
 And clay-cold was her lily hand,
 That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown :
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
 That sips the silver dew ;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
 Consumed her early prime :
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
 She died before her time.

"Awake !" she cried, "thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight grave ;
 Now let thy pity hear the maid
 Thy love refused to save.

‘ This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain ;
Now yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

“ Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath ;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

“ Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

“ How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

“ Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale ?

“ That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
These lips no longer red ;
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

“ The hungry worm my sister is ;
This winding-sheet I wear ;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

“ But, hark ! the cock has warned me hence !
A long and last adieu !
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.”

The lark sang loud ; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red ;
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay ;
And stretched him on the grass-green turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay ;

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

THE KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE

OUT, alas ! what a grief is this
That princes' subjects cannot be true,
But still the devil hath some of his,
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue ;
Forgetting what a grievous thing
It is to offend the anointed king !
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonny king,
As proper a youth as need to be,
Well given to every happy thing
That can be in a king to see :
Yet that unlucky country still
Hath people given to crafty will.
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

On Whitsun eve it so befell,
A posset was made to give the king,
Whereof his lady nurse heard tell,
And that it was a poisoned thing :
She cried and called piteously :
“ Now help, or else the king shall die !”
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

One Browne, that was an English man,
And heard the lady's piteous cry,
Out with his sword, and bestirred him than,
Out of the doors in haste to fly ;
But all the doors were made so fast,
Out of a window he got at last.
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

He met the bishop coming fast,
Having the posset in his hand :
The sight of Browne made him aghast,
Who bade him stoutly stay and stand.



"A POSSET TO MAKE THE KING GOOD CHEER."

With him were two that ran away,
For fear that Browne would make a fray.
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

“Bishop,” quoth Browne, “what hast thou there?”
“Nothing at all, my friend,” said he;
“But a posset to make the king good cheer.”
“Is it so?” said Browne, “that will I see.
First I will have thyself begin,
Before thou go any further in;
Be it weal or woe, it shall be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.”

The bishop said, “Browne, I do know,
Thou art a young man poor and bare;
Livings on thee I will bestow:
Let me go on, take thou no care.”
“No, no,” quoth Browne, “I will not be
A traitor for all Christianity;
Hap well or woe, it shall be so,
Drink now with a sorrowful heigh ho.”

The bishop drank, and by and by
His belly burst and he fell down:
A just reward for his traitory.
“This was a posset indeed!” quoth Browne.
He searched the bishop, and found the keys,
To come to the king when he did please.
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

As soon as the king got word of this,
He humbly fell upon his knee,
And praised God that he did miss
To taste of that extremity :
For that he did perceive and know,
His clergy would betray him so :
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

“ Alas,” he said, “ unhappy realm,
My father and grandfather slain :
My mother banished, O extreme !
Unhappy fate, and bitter bane !
And now like treason wrought for me,
What more unhappy realm can be !”
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

The king did call his nurse to his grace,
And gave her twenty pounds a year
And trusty Browne too in like case,
He knighted him with gallant gear :
And gave him lands and livings great,
For doing such a manly feat,
As he did show, to the bishop's woe,
Which made a sorrowful heigh ho.

When all this treason done and past,
Took not effect of traitory ;
Another treason at the last,
They sought against his majesty :

How they might make their king away,
By a privy banquet on a day.

Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

Another time to sell the king
Beyond the seas they had decreed :
Three noble Earls heard of this thing,
And did prevent the same with speed.
For a letter came, with such a charm,
That they should do their king no harm :
For further woe, if they did so,
Would make a sorrowful heigh ho.

The Earl Morton told the Douglas then,
“ Take heed you do not offend the king ;
But show yourselves like honest men
Obediently in every thing :
For his godmother will not see
Her noble child misused to be
With any woe ; for if it be so,
She will make a sorrowful heigh ho.”

God grant all subjects may be true,
In England, Scotland, every where :
That no such danger may ensue,
To put the prince or state in fear :
That God the highest king may see
Obedience as it ought to be.
In wealth or woe, God grant it be so,
To avoid the sorrowful heigh ho.

THE BRAES OF YARROW

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she
 weep,
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
 Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
 That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?

Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?

And why yon melancholious weids

Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude

What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!

O 'tis he the comely swain I slew

Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,

His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;

And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,

And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;

And weep around in waeful wise

His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,

My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,

His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luvè?

And warn from fight? but to my sorrow

Too rashly bauld a stronger arm

Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows
the grass,

Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,

Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet ? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter ;
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride ?
How can I busk a winsome marrow ?
How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow ?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing :
Ah ! wretched me ! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow :
But ere the toofall of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful waeful day ;

I sang, my voice the woods returning :

But lang ere night the spear was floun,

That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,

But with his cruel rage pursue me ?

My luvèr's blood is on thy spear,

How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me

My happy sisters may be, may be proud

With cruel and ungentle scoffin',

May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes

My luvèr nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,

And strive with threatning words to muve me :

My luvèr's blood is on thy spear,

How cans't thou ever bid me luve thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,

With bridal sheets my body cover,

Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,

Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is ?

His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter :

Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon

Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,

O lay his cold head on my pillow ;

Take aff, take aff, these bridal weids,

And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee !
 Yet lye all night between my breists,
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth !
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter :
 And lye all night between my breists ;
 No youth shall ever lye there after.

4. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
 Return, and dry thy useless sorrow :
 Thy luvver heeds none of thy sighs,
 He lyes a corpse in the Braes of Yarrow.

THE HEIR OF LINNE

PART THE FIRST

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
 To sing a song I will begin :
 It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
 Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
 His mother a lady of high degree ;
 But they, alas ! were dead him fro,
 And he loved keeping company.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
 To drink and revel every night,
 To card and dice from eve to morn,
 It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To alway spend and never spare,
I wot, an' it were the king himself,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

So fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
And he maun sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen steward,
And John o' the Scales was called he :
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got both gold and fee.

Says, " Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheer ;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I 'll give thee here."

" My gold is gone, my money is spent ;
My land now take it unto thee :
Give me the gold, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-penny ;
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to win ;
" The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I 'll be the lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad,
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight.

"My son, when I am gone," said he,
"Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

"But swear me now upon the rood,
That lonesome lodge thou 'lt never spend ;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold :

"And come with me, my friends," said he,
"Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin ;
And then his friends they slunk away ;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white money.

"Now well-a-day," said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

“ But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dole or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be never bare.”

But one, I wis, was not at home ;
Another had paid his gold away ;
Another called him thriftless loon,
And bade him sharply wend his way.

“ Now well-a-day,” said the heir of Linne,
“ Now well-a-day, and woe is me ;
For when I had my lands so broad,
On me they lived right merrily.

“ To beg my bread from door to door
I wis, it were a brenning shame :
To rob and steal it were a sin :
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

“ Now I'll away to lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend ;
When all the world should frown on me
I there should find a trusty friend.”

PART THE SECOND

Away then hied the heir of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to lonesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win :
But bare and loathly were the walls.

“ Here 's sorry cheer,” quo' the heir of Linne.

The little window dim and dark
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yew ;
No shimmering sun here ever shone ;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spy,
No cheerful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with running noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see :
" Ah ! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyself to penury ?

" All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend :
Let it now shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

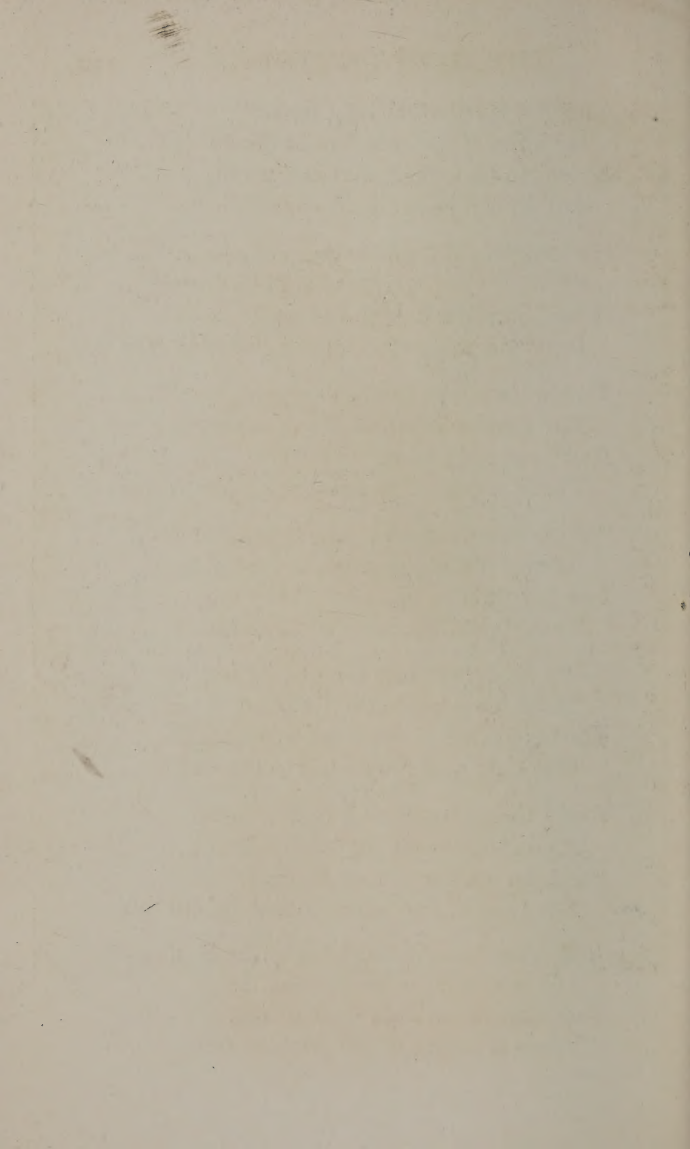
Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heir of Linne,
His heart, I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three :
" This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprung aloft with his body :
When lo ! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.



"HERE'S SORRY CHEER," QUO' THE HEIR OF LINNE.



Astonied lay the heir of Linne,
Ne knew if he were live or dead :
At length he looked, and saw a bill,
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill, and looked it on,
Straight good comfort found he there :
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold,
The third was full of white money ;
And over them in broad letters
These words were written so plain to see :

“Once more, my son, I set thee clear ;
Amend thy life and follies past ;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last.”

“And let it be,” said the heir of Linne ;
“And let it be, but if I amend :
For here I will make mine avow,
This rede shall guide me to the end.”

Away then went with a merry cheer,
Away then went the heir of Linne ;
I wis, he neither ceased ne blan,
Till John o’ the Scales’ house he did win.

And when he came to John o’ the Scales,
Up at the speer then looked he ;
There sat three lords upon a row,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sat at the board-head,
Because now lord of Linne was he.
“I pray thee,” he said, “good John o’ the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me.”

“Away, away, thou thriftless loon ;
Away, away, this may not be :
For Christ’s curse on my head,” he said,
“If ever I trust thee one penny.”

Then bespake the heir of Linne,
To John o’ the Scales’ wife then spake he :
“Madam, some alms on me bestow,
I pray for sweet saint charity.”

“Away, away, thou thriftless loon,
I swear thou gettest no alms of me ;
For if we should hang any losel here,
The first we would begin with thee.”

Then bespake a good fellow,
Which sat at John o’ the Scales his board,
Said, “Turn again, thou heir of Linne ;
Some time thou wast a well good lord ;

“Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold nor fee ;
Therefore I’ll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

“And ever, I pray thee, John o’ the Scales,
To let him sit in thy company :
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.”

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answered him again :
" Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
" But I did lose by that bargain.

" And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have it back again better cheap
By a hundred marks than I had it of thee.

" I draw you to record, lords," he said.
With that he cast him a god's-penny :
" Now by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
" And here, good John, is thy money."

And he pulled forth three bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board :
All woe-begone was John o' the Scales,
So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din.
" The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm again the lord of Linne."

Says, " Have thou here, thou good fellow,
Forty pence thou didst lend me :
Now I am again the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

" I'll make thee keeper of my forest,
Both of the wild deer and the tame ;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellow, I were to blame."

"Now well-a-day!" saith Joan o' the Scales:

"Now well-a-day! and woe is my life!

Yesterday I was lady of Linne,

Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," said the heir of Linne;

"Farewell now, John o' the Scales," said he:

"Christ's curse light on me, if ever again

I bring my lands in jeopardy."

SIR ANDREW BARTON

THE FIRST PART

WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers

Bedecked the earth so trim and gay,

And Neptune with his dainty showers

Came to present the month of May;

King Henry rode to take the air,

Over the river of Thames passed he;

When eighty merchants of London came,

And down they knelt upon their knee.

"O ye are welcome, rich merchants;

Good sailors, welcome unto me."

They swore by the rood, they were sailors good,

But rich merchants they could not be:

"To France nor Flanders dare we pass:

Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare;

And all for a rover that lies on the seas,

Who robs us of our merchant ware."

King Henry frowned, and turned him round,
And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,
“ I thought he had not been in the world,
Durst have wrought England such unright.”

The merchants sighed, and said, alas !
And thus they did their answer frame,
“ He is a proud Scot, that robs on the seas,
And Sir Andrew Barton is his name.”

The king looked over his left shoulder,
And an angry look then looked he :
“ Have I never a lord in all my realm
Will fetch yond traitor unto me ?”

“ Yea, that dare I,” Lord Howard says ;
“ Yea, that dare I with heart and hand ;
If it please your grace to give me leave,
Myself will be the only man.”

“ Thou art but young,” the king replied :
“ Yond Scot hath numbered many a year.”
“ Trust me, my liege, I ’ll make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appear.”

“ Then bowmen and gunners thou shalt have,
And choose them over my realm so free ;
Besides good mariners, and ship-boys,
To guide the great ship on the sea.”

The first man that Lord Howard chose
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
Though he was three score years and ten ;
Good Peter Simon was his name.

“Peter,” says he, “I must to the sea,
To bring home a traitor live or dead :
Before all others I have chosen thee
Of a hundred gunners to be the head.”

“If you, my lord, have chosen me
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Then hang me up on your main-mast tree,
If I miss my mark one shilling bread.”

My lord then chose a bowman rare,
Whose active hands had gained fame.
In Yorkshire was this gentleman born,
And William Horseley was his name.

“Horseley,” said he, “I must with speed
Go seek a traitor on the sea,
And now of a hundred bowmen brave
To be the head I have chosen thee.”

“If you,” quoth he, “have chosen me
Of a hundred bowmen to be the head,
On your main-mast I’ll hanged be,
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread.”

With pikes and guns, and bowmen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea ;
With a valiant heart and a pleasant cheer,
Out at Thames mouth sailed he.

And days he scant had sailed three,
Upon the voyage he took in hand,
But there he met with a noble ship,
And stoutly made it stay and stand.

"Thou must tell me," Lord Howard said,
"Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
And show me where thy dwelling is:
And whither bound, and whence thou came."

"My name is Henry Hunt," quoth he,
"With a heavy heart, and a careful mind;
I and my ship do both belong
To the Newcastle that stands upon Tyne."

"Hast thou not heard, now, Henry Hunt,
As thou hast sailed by day and by night,
Of a Scottish rover on the seas?
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight!"

Then ever he sighed, and said "Alas!
With a grieved mind, and wellaway!
But over-well I know that wight,
I was his prisoner yesterday."

"As I was sailing upon the sea,
A Bourdeaux voyage for to fare;
To his hatchboard he clasped me,
And robbed me of all my merchant ware:

"And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his own;
And I am now to London bound,
Of our gracious king to beg a boon."

"That shall not need," Lord Howard says;
"Let me but once that robber see,
For every penny ta'en thee fro
It shall be doubled shillings three."

- “Now God forfend,” the merchant said,
“That you should seek so far amiss!
God keep you out of that traitor’s hands!
Full little ye wot what a man he is.
- “He is brass within, and steel without,
With beams on his topcastle strong;
And eighteen pieces of ordinance
He carries on each side along:
- “And he hath a pinnace dearly dight,
St. Andrew’s cross that is his guide;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
And fifteen cannons on each side.
- “Were ye twenty ships, and he but one;
I swear by kirk, and bower, and hall,
He would overcome them every one,
If once his beams they do down fall.”
- “This is cold comfort,” says my lord,
“To welcome a stranger thus to the sea:
Yet I’ll bring him and his ship to the shore,
Or to Scotland he shall carry me.”
- “Then a noble gunner you must have,
And he must aim well with his ee,
And sink his pinnace into the sea,
Or else he never o’ercome will be:
- “And if you chance his ship to board,
This counsel I must give withal,
Let no man to his topcastle go
To strive to let his beams down fall.

“ And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to me,
On each side of my ship along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
“ A glass I’ll set, that may be seen
Whether you sail by day or night ;
And to-morrow, I swear, by nine of the clock
You shall meet with Sir Andrew Barton, knight.”

THE SECOND PART

The merchant set my lord a glass
So well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrow, by nine of the clock,
He showed him Sir Andrew Barton knight.

His hatchboard it was gilt with gold,
So dearly dight it dazzled the ee :
“ Now by my faith,” Lord Howard says,
“ This is a gallant sight to see.”

“ Take in your ancients, standards eke,
So close that no man may them see ;
And put me forth a white willow wand,
As merchants use to sail the sea.”

But they stirred neither top, nor mast ;
Stoutly they passed Sir Andrew by.
“ What English churls are yonder,” he said,
“ That can so little courtesy ?

“ Now by the rood, three years and more
I have been admiral over the sea ;
And never an English nor Portingall
Without my leave can pass this way.”

Then called he forth his stout pinnace ;
 "Fetch back yond pedlars now to me :
I swear by the mass, yon English churls
 Shall all hang at my main-mast tree."

With that the pinnace it shot off,
 Full well Lord Howard might it ken ;
For it struck down my lord's fore-mast,
 And killed fourteen of his men.

"Come hither, Simon," says my lord,
 "Look that thy word be true, thou said ;
For at my main-mast thou shalt hang,
 If thou miss thy mark one shilling bread."

Simon was old, but his heart it was bold ;
 His ordinance he laid right low ;
He put in chain full nine yards long,
 With other great shot less and moe ;

And he let go his grea gun's shot :
 So well he settled it with his ee,
The first sight that Sir Andrew saw,
 He see his pinnace sunk in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunk,
 Lord, how his heart with rage did swell !
"Now cut my ropes, it is time to be gone ;
 I'll fetch yond pedlars back mysell."

When my lord saw Sir Andrew loose,
 Within his heart he was full fain :
"Now spread your ancients, strike up your drums,
 Sound all your trumpets out amain."

“ Fight on, my men,” Sir Andrew says,
“ Well howsoever this gear will sway ;
It is my Lord Admiral of England
Is come to seek me on the sea.”

Simon had a son, who shot right well,
That did Sir Andrew mickle scare ;
In at his deck he gave a shot,
Killed threescore of his men of war.

Then Henry Hunt with rigour hot
Came bravely on the other side,
Soon he drove down his fore-mast tree,
And killed fourscore men beside.

“ Now, out alas !” Sir Andrew cried,
“ What may a man now think, or say ?
Yonder merchant thief, that pierceth me,
He was my prisoner yesterday.

“ Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
That aye was ready at my call :
I will give thee three hundred marks,
If thou wilt let my beams down fall.”

Lord Howard he then called in haste,
“ Horseley, see thou be true in stead ;
For thou shalt at the main-mast hang,
If thou miss twelvescore one penny bread.”

Then Gordon swarved the main-mast tree,
He swarved it with might and main ;
But Horseley with a bearing arrow,
Struck the Gordon through the brain ;

And he fell into the hatches again,
And sore his deadly wound did bleed :
Then word went through Sir Andrew's men,
How that the Gordon he was dead.

“ Come hither to me, James Hambilton,
Thou art my only sister's son,
If thou wilt let my beams down fall,
Six hundred nobles thou hast won.”

With that he swarved the main-mast tree,
He swarved it with nimble art ;
But Horseley with a broad arrow
Pierced the Hambilton through the heart :

And down he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did stream amain :
Then every Scot cried, “ Wellaway !
Alas ! a comely youth is slain.”

All woe-begone was Sir Andrew then,
With grief and rage his heart did swell :
“ Go fetch me forth my armour of proof,
For I will to the topcastle mysell.”

“ Go fetch me forth my armour of proof,
That gilded is with gold so clear :
God be with my brother John of Barton !
Against the Portingalls he it ware ;

“ And when he had on this armour of proof,
He was a gallant sight to see :
Ah ! ne'er didst thou meet with living wight,
My dear brother, could cope with thee.”

“Come hither, Horseley,” says my lord,
“And look your shaft that it go right ;
Shoot a good shot in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a knight.”

“I’ll shoot my best,” quoth Horseley then,
“Your honour shall see, with might and main ;
But if I were hanged at your main-mast,
I have now left but arrows twain.”

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
With right good will he swarved then :
Upon his breast did Horseley hit,
But the arrow bounded back again.

Then Horseley spied a privy place
With a perfect eye in a secret part ;
Under the spole of his right arm
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

“Fight on, my men,” Sir Andrew says,
“A little I’m hurt, but yet not slain ;
I’ll but lie down and bleed a while,
And then I’ll rise and fight again.

“Fight on, my men,” Sir Andrew says,
“And never flinch before the foe ;
And stand fast by St. Andrew’s cross
Until you hear my whistle blow.”

They never heard his whistle blow—
Which made their hearts wax sore adread :
Then Horseley said, “Aboard, my lord,
For well I wot Sir Andrew’s dead.”

They boarded then his noble ship,
They boarded it with might and main ;
Eighteen score Scots alive they found,
The rest were either maimed or slain.

Lord Howard took a sword in hand,
And off he smote Sir Andrew's head ;
"I must have left England many a day,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead."

He caused his body to be cast
Over the hatchboard into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crowns :
"Wherever thou land this will bury thee."

Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
And back he sailed o'er the main,
With mickle joy and triumphing
Into Thames mouth he came again.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
And sealed it with seal and ring ;
"Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,
As never did subject to a king :

"Sir Andrew's ship I bring with me ;
A braver ship was never none :
Now hath your grace two ships of war,
Before in England was but one."

King Henry's grace with royal cheer
Welcomed the noble Howard home,
"And where," said he, "is this rover stout,
That I myself may give the doom ?"

“The rover he is safe, my liege,
Full many a fathom in the sea ;
If he were alive as he is dead,
I must have left England many a day :

“And your grace may thank four men i’ the ship
For the victory we have won,
These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his son.”

To Henry Hunt, the king then said,
“In lieu of what was from thee ta’en,
A noble a day now thou shalt have,
Sir Andrew’s jewels and his chain.

“And, Horseley, thou shalt be a knight,
And lands and livings shalt have store ;
Howard shall be Earl Surrey hight,
As Howards erst have been before.

“Now, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintain thee and thy son :
And the men shall have five hundred marks
For the good service they have done.”

Then in came the queen with ladies fair
To see Sir Andrew Barton, knight :
They weened that he were brought on shore,
And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadly face,
And eyes so hollow in his head,
“I would give,” quoth the king, “a thousand
marks,
This man were alive as he is dead :

“ Yet for the manful part he played,
Which fought so well with heart and hand,
His men shall have twelvecence a day,
Till they come to my brother king's high land.”

GLOSSARY

ACTON, body-clothing under
armour.

ANCIENT, ensign.

AND, if.

AUSTERNE, austere.

BADE, abode.

BALE, evil.

BAND, bond, vow.

BATS, blows.

BE=been.

BELYVE, at once.

BEN, are.

BLAN, lingered.

BLEE, complexion, colour.

BOOT, help.

BORROW, hostage.

BOWNE, go.

BREAD, broad (by the breadth
of).

BRENNE, burn.

BRERE, briar.

BRITTLED, cut up.

BRODING, pricking.

BUSK, make ready.

BYDENE, one after another.

CAN, do, or did.

CAPULL, horse.

CARLISH, churlish.

COULD . . ., of, knew, prac-
tised.

CROWT, wrinkler.

CRYANCE, belief.

DERE, harm.

DESCRFEVE, describe.

DIGHT, prepared, made
ready.

DILL=dole, dule.

DIN, trouble, confusion.

DOLE (dule), grief, pain.

DRÆ, suffering.

DRY=dree, to endure, suffer.

EATHE, easy.

FAND=found.

FARDEN, flashed.

FARKY, wonder.

FERE, mate (in fere, to-
gether).

FET, fetched, gave vent to.

FLYTE, scold, talk to, argue.

FORWHY, because.

GARLAND, a ring in which a
shooting-mark was set.

GATE, way, path.

GAUL, red.

GOD'S-PENNY, a coin de-
posited to clinch a bargain.

HALCHED, saluted.

HAULD, stronghold.

HEND, noble, knightly.

HETT, bid.

HIGHT, promised.

LAY, law.

LAY-LAND, greensward.

LAY ON LOAD, deal hard
blows.

LEEVE, fair.

LERE, face.

LIEVER, rather.

LITHE, hearken.

LOSEL, rascal.

LOWE, little hill.

LYNE, (lime-) tree.

MASTERY, trial of skill.

MAY, maid.

MINGED, mentioned.

MOE, more.

MOTE, mought = might.

NEE, nigh, approach.

NEWFANGLE, fond of novel-
ties.

OUTRAKE, expedition.

POTENER, pocket, scrip.

PRESTLY, quickly.

PRICK, mark for shooting.

QUICK, alive.

REACHLESS, careless.

REDE, advise.

REEK, smoke.

ROW, roll.

RUDD, complexion.

SCANT, scarcely.

SCATHE, hurt, harm.

SHAWS, woods.

SHENT, shamed, disgraced.

SHRADDs, bushes.

SHROGGS, shrubs.

SLADE, an opening in a
forest.

SLODE, split.

SPEER, spy-hole (?)

SPOLE, shoulder.

STEVEN, time.

STIFF IN (*or* and) STOUR,
sturdy in fight.

SWEERE, neck.

SWEVEN, dream.

TEEN, injury.

TEENFUL, furious.

THEE, thrive, prosper.

TINE (tint), lose (lost).

TOOFALL, twilight.

TOW, let down by a rope.

UNMACKLY, misshapen.

UNSET, unappointed.

WADDED, blue (woad-
coloured).

WALKER, fuller (of cloth).

WEME, hollow, aperture.

WIGHT, strong, lusty.

WILFUL, wandering.

WOOD, mad, raging.

WOODWED, some kind of
warbling bird.

WROKEN, avenged.

YFERE (=in fere), together.

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